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THE WRITINGS OF ROBERT C. SANDS, in Prose and Verse, with a Memoir of the Author  
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THERE is perhaps no task, in the whole range of a critic's duty, wherein the opposite extremes of pleasure and grief, of admiration and regret, so strangely mingle, as in that of reviewing the works of some mighty genius, which having formerly enlightened the ignorance, or captivated the imagination, of thousands here below, has now gone thither whence no traveller returns. It is not here as in the case of living writers, a harsh and thankless labor, unwillingly performed, and, for the most part, ungraciously received; inasmuch as, in the other case, the critic is compelled, as we may say, to stern impartiality, by the reflection, that to overlook a fault is to encourage its repetition; and that it is, in truth, no kindness, either to the author himself, his readers, or his imitators, to withhold the just measure of severity, which he well may have deserved, whether by errors of omission, or of commission. On the contrary, in looking over the monuments, which some master-mind has reared during its sojourn upon earth, his duty is rather to seek out beauties for the admiring imitation of other generations, than to castigate the faults, which can now be remedied by no earthly censure. Even thus, however, there is something inexpressibly mournful in the feeling, that the brain, which conceived the glowing images that pass before the eyes of our spirit, as they were living beings, will never again awaken its creations from its mysterious depths, to charm our leisure, or minister to our instruction. Who, that has enough of soul to revel in the wonderful and wild originality of a Shelley or a Keats, has not often and again laid down the page, on which his every sensation has been riveted, moistened with a tear for the untimely fate of those, whose surviving fame exists but as a type of the unclouded glory which must have crowned the efforts of their maturer years? Who, in the present instance, can dwell upon the brilliant poetry, or the spirited prose of Sands, without lamenting, that it was not in accordance with the will of Providence, that he should have gone on, drinking in an increase of wisdom with the increase of years, till he should finally have established for himself a tabernacle amidst the temples of those classic writers, who are on all hands acknowledged to be the authorities, no less than the luminaries, of the English language.

There is hardly an opinion more hazardous, than to pronounce any author of the present day as being secure of possessing fame at a period removed a

century or two from hence ; it is indeed, a peculiarity in the history of literature during the nineteenth century, that nothing appears to be read except that which is new. Men talk, it is true, of Milton, Dryden, Pope, or, to come down even to an era less remote, of Akenside, and Crabbe, and Southey, and yet it may be doubted whether the talkers have even read the works which form the burthen of their conversations. We said that this was a peculiarity in the history of literature during the nineteenth century, but we are inclined upon reflection to extend our observation to a wider field, we believe that such has been the course of things in all times, and in every nation, from the Augustan to the Georgian era. Thus, for instance, we know that Ennius, the father of Latin Poetry, had already fallen into disrepute, even in the days of Horace and the Mantuan ; while other writers, whose names alone have come down to us, were then considered as hardly inferior in fame, to those who are still deemed models of composition. In the same manner had Chaucer, Spencer and a thousand others, become obsolete during the empire of Dryden, and of Pope, who in their turn have sunk into comparative oblivion, before the meridian splendor of Byron and of Scott. And the cause of this was not, as we have seen above, that the modern authors were superior to their predecessors, but that works of recent date have a stronger hold upon the minds of men, than equally meritorious productions of an era more remote.—We would here observe, *en passant*, that we do not consider the temporary neglect, under which some poets have labored, as having any bearing on our argument. Milton was not admired until years had elapsed, because his writings were not adapted to the admiration of the age for which he wrote ;—a purer taste succeeded to the vitiated style introduced under the Stuart Family. *Paradise Lost*, forthwith rose to its proper level, was for a time the Cynosure of every eye, and then, though still retaining its original reputation, has yielded the lower shelves on every library, to Scott, and Byron, Rogers, and Moore, and an hundred others, who may live in envied celebrity, but will undoubtedly cease to be the theme of universal conversation. The reputation of an author, is, therefore, of a twofold nature—there is the perishable reputation of the day—and the perennial admiration of ages—and to this it is owing, that the station of any author in the ranks of fame, until a century at least has elapsed from his demise, cannot be set down with any degree of certainty. To be the theme of general praise, while we are yet alive, is certainly the most agreeable if not the most exalted species of fame, and after all, as we have said before, to be admired and to be read, are not the same, nor will men trouble themselves to form opinions of their own, concerning those to whom time has awarded a crown of honor, to which their praises would add nothing, and from which their cavillings could not detract a single ray of lustre. But, to return to the immediate subject of our article, we would state in reference to the above, that the author of the agreeable miscellany before us has undoubtedly occupied no small proportion of public attention, during his brief career, and that his friends may justly hope that his reputation will not be rashly cast aside, or be immediately forgotten. It seems, indeed, to us, that there are but two obstacles to his attaining to a very lofty eminence ; firstly, that his productions are, for the most part, of that light and fugitive nature, which is more apt to engross the popular eye for the moment, than to retain its fixed attention during a longer space of years ; and, secondly, that, owing to

his having almost invariably written in connexion with others, it is hardly possible to assign to him his proper share of credit. In fact, we can scarcely comprehend the method by which two gentlemen concoct a single tale in unison, and, although the result has been in the present case highly attractive and amusing, we cannot on the whole give our sanction to the plan. We may, perhaps, as critics feel more sensitively, on account of the obstacles which this mode of writing lays in our path, than others; for although,—with reverence be it spoken, since the error was made by a man whose talents and erudition are universally confessed,—we believe ourselves incapable of vituperating Pindar under the supposition that we were belaboring some modern lyricist, we might easily find ourselves guilty of assigning to Mr. Sands some portions of praise which might more duly be awarded to his co-authors, if they may so be termed, Paulding and Bryant. It is true, indeed, that the characteristics of both these writers are peculiar and easily detected, those of the former consisting in dry and quaint humor, dressed in a style of corresponding terseness; of the latter in that harmony of versification,—resulting from an ear of uncommon delicacy, which has in our opinion justly entitled him to the name of the purest writer of blank verse that the English world can at this time boast,—and by a solemnity of thought singularly adapted to the style which he has most successfully adopted. Still it is no easy matter to discriminate between the styles of any two writers, with that degree of certainty, which would be necessary to enable us to select, at a glance, the passages in a tale of common property, and to assign to each his just proportion; and in this case the difficulty is increased by the fact, that the prose writings of Sands participate largely of Paulding's sly humor, while the later and more finished specimens of his poetry have more points of resemblance than one to the phraseology at least of Bryant. It is, however, our intention to descend at once into details, and to give a brief account of the nature and merit of the different articles of which these volumes are composed, with such extracts, particularly from the poetry, as our limits will enable us to offer.

On opening the work, the first object which presents itself, is a memoir of the author, interspersed with remarks on the quality of his writings, for the most part able and judicious, although perhaps slightly tinctured with pardonable partiality towards the efforts of a friend. It is, we believe, generally understood, that this memoir is from the pen of a gentleman, concerning whose pure and elegant prose we have already had occasion to speak on several occasions, Gulian C. Verplanck; and if it be so, it will, we doubt not add to the merited reputation which he possesses. The life of an author is generally but an uninteresting affair, but this is so agreeably mixed with anecdote and criticism, that it cannot prove other than a popular introduction to the posthumous edition of the lamented poet.

The first of the original works of our author presented to our view, is an historical notice of Hernan Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, which was written, as we are informed, as a prefatory introduction to a series of letters published in the Spanish language; into which also the present notice has been rendered. The style of this article is easy and elegant, and the matter contains much that is valuable, and some things new. Among the rest is introduced a vindication of the character of the conqueror of the Azteques, in which, however, we cannot think that he has displayed his wonted dis-



crimination, or met with his usual success. All, that he has been enabled to advance in palliation of the enormities alleged against him, is, that judicial tortures were the fashion of the age, and that Cortes might not have been able, even had he wished it, to save the wretched Guatimozin from the savage zeal of his followers. As a whole, we are inclined to believe that this paper will be found to furnish more information, with respect to the conquest of Mexico, than any other compilation of the same extent. It bears, indeed, in parts, the evidence of haste, and is slightly disfigured by an affectation, which will be found to prevail in other compositions, of writing barbarous words and names, in strange and uncouth, though very probably correct, spelling, according to the native languages. We can, however, see no possible advantage from writing Guatimozin, which form has obtained the sanction of some of the purest English authors, as *Quauhquemotzin*, or of converting the river gods of the Connecticut or the shores of Pocanoket into such jaw-breaking combinations as *Quunihicut* or *Pawkanawkut*, unless it be for the express purpose of bewildering the reader, and giving him some half hour's trouble before he discovers that these outlandish-looking appellatives are names familiar from his childhood upwards. We suppose, from the laughter-loving character of the man, that real literary frolic may have been at the bottom of this; but at all events it is, though hardly deserving censure, unworthy of the writer. Passing over a well-written and sensible paper on domestic literature,—vindicating, not the character of the works already produced, but the ability of American history and scenery to furnish subjects worthy to be adorned by the pens of the ablest writers,—as also several spirited and correct translations from the Italian, we come to *Yamoyden*, an octo syllabic poem, in six cantos, interspersed with lyric strains of various measures, and containing the final catastrophe of the noblest savage, that ever battled, with the untaught valor of nature, against the discipline of European policy. Here, as before, we are somewhat at a loss to know how much of the merit of *Yamoyden* is to be attributed to Mr. Sands; this singularly wild and original poem having been composed by him in conjunction with a friend, whose character for sound scholarship, no less than genius, is hardly to be surpassed among the contemporaries of this accomplished and early-lamented pair. The introduction, however, is, we are informed, wholly from the pen of Sands, and as such, we have selected a passage, than which we are acquainted with few more harmonious gems in modern poetry.

Homeward we turned, to that fair land, but late  
 Redeemed from the strong spell that bound it fast,  
 Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate  
 And kept the key, till three millenniums past;  
 When, as creation's noblest work was last,  
 Latest, to man it was vouchsafed, to see  
 Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,  
 And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be  
 An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here, forerunners strange and meet were found,  
 Of that bless'd freedom, only dreamed before;—  
 Dark were the morning mists, that lingered round  
 Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.  
 "Earth was their mother;"—or they knew no more.  
 Or would not that their secret should be told;  
 For they were grave and silent; and such lore,



To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,  
The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught of old.

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew  
Their needful wants, and learn'd not how to hoard;  
And him whom strength and wisdom crowned, they knew,  
But with no servile reverence, as their lord.  
And on their mountain summits they adored  
One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,  
And thence their incense and orisons poured  
To his pervading presence, that abroad  
They felt through all his works,—their Father, King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray,  
The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,  
Soft falling showers, or hues of orient day,  
They imaged spirits beautiful and good;  
But when the tempest roared, with voices rude,  
Or fierce, red lightning fired the forest pine,  
Or withering heats untimely seared the wood,  
The angry forms they saw of powers malign;  
These they besought to spare, those blest for aid divine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,  
With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,  
Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,  
And as the fleet deer's agile was their frame;  
Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name;  
These simple truths went down from sire to son,—  
To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame,  
And craven warrior's infamy to shun,—  
And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred done.

From forest shades they peered, with awful dread,  
When, uttering flame and thunder from its side,  
The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread,  
Came ploughing gallantly the virgin tide.  
Few years have pass'd, and all their forests' pride  
From shores and hills has vanished, with the race,  
Their tenants erst, from memory who have died,  
Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace,  
In each green thicket's depths, and lone, sequestered place.

The general character of the poem is perhaps rather spirited, and in some places terrible, than soft, and there are scenes of *diablerie* and Indian incantation than which we know nothing of the sort more naturally supernatural, if such a paradox may be permitted. We would say that all is dark, solemn, and in perfect keeping, wholly untinctured with the *fee faw fum* puerilities which we usually discover in scenes of witchcraft and incantation, and conveying no impressions to the mind save those of mystery and terror. There are, however, mingled with these stern passages, some descriptions of nature's beauty, some meditations, and some passionate pictures of feeling, which are more to our taste than the gloomy and appalling portraiture of horror. Take, for example, the view—for such it is—of the spot wherein the sachem and his few but fearless followers hold their high council, and find us one more beautiful in Scott's most picturesque description; we would not fear to place it in comparison with his far-famed picture of Loch Katrine and the Trosach's rugged glen.

High rose the cliffs; but proud above  
The regal oaks their branches fling,

Arching aloft with verdant cove,  
 Where thick their leaves they interwove,  
 Fit canopy for woodland king.  
 Vines, with tenacious fibres, high  
 Clomb o'er those rocks luxuriantly;  
 Oft o'er their rugged masses gray,  
 With rustling breeze the wild flowers play;  
 While at the base their purple hues,  
 Impearled with morning's glittering dews,  
 Bloomed round the pile of rifted stone,  
 Which, as in semblance of a throne  
 The hand of nature there had placed;  
 And rambling wild, where lower still  
 Bubbled and welled a sparkling rill,  
 These simple flowers its margin graced.  
 Clear as the brightest steel to view,  
 Through mossy turf of greenest hue,  
 Its lymph that gushing fountain spread:—  
 And still, though ages since have sped,  
 That little spring is seen;  
 It bears his name whose deeds of dread  
 Disturbed its margin green;  
 As pure, as full, its waters rise,  
 While those who once its peace profaned,  
 Have pass'd, and to the stranger's eyes,  
 Nor trace, nor memory hath remained.  
 Smooth lay the turf before the seat,  
 Sprinkled with flow'rets fair and sweet;  
 The violet and the daisy gay,  
 And goldcups bright like spangles lay.  
 Thick round the glade the forest grew,  
 Whose quivering leaves and pillars through,  
 The eye might catch the sparkling ray,  
 Where sea-gulls wheeled in mazy play.

Would that our limits permitted us to rove at will through the almost innumerable beauties of this most American poem. Bearing in itself marks of youth and inexperience, it bears in itself, at the same time, symptoms of talents which, had they been permitted to attain to their meridian glory, must have kindled the imaginations and warmed the hearts of thousands. We are aware of no poem in any tongue, composed by boys—for they could then be called no more—of eighteen and twenty years, possessing so high a degree of excellence, and so free from puerility or incorrectness. That Yamoyden would alone furnish ample material for a critical paper of even greater length than we can at present devote to the entire work, we are fully aware; but we are compelled to hurry onward, lest we should, by dwelling too long on one, entirely lose sight of other and more fragrant sweets. The German's tale is clever, perhaps somewhat too much in the namby-pamby style of annual matter, but still such as none but an easy writer, and an original thinker, could have written. The man who burnt John Rogers, is very powerfully imagined, and, no less ably wrought up than cleverly conceived. We perceive in it, the same taste which has dictated the supernatural portions of Yamoyden, mellowed as it were by increase of years, and producing its effects by the workings of real sensations, under unusual circumstances, on the human breast, rather than by the actual machinery of another world. A Simple Tale is exquisite, in calm and quiet humor; Sterne might have written it in his younger days, and need not have been ashamed to own it at any period of his life.

There is the same placid, and, if we may so call it, grave drollery, the

same occasional touches of pathos, though Sterne would have made more of these, and something of the same quaint style of writing; it is one of the very best things in the volume, but we suspect not wholly from the pen of Mr. Sands. Boyuca we should pronounce entirely the work of our author, and although containing much good description, and not a little interest, is not altogether in so good taste as his other writings. The principal fault of his prose compositions is, throughout, an exaggeration of whatever may be the characteristic vein of each article.—The humor is occasionally far-fetched, and the painting of scenes, which are intended to be more than usually vivid, sometimes fantastic and overwrought; as, for instance, the death of the jaguar, in the present tale: it is said that cats have nine lives, and we should imagine that our author had not only given credit to the tale, but had supposed that the number of lives increased in proportion to the size of the species, so that the jaguar should have had, not nine, but ninety times nine lives. Mr. de Viellecour and his neighbors, is inimitable, and we have no hesitation in assigning to it the first place. The humor is more chastened, the style more pithy, the incidents more natural, than in those which we conceive to have been produced by the sole agency of Mr. Sands; and, above all, there is deeper perception of character than we have observed in most of the sketches. In the Scenes at Washington, the fun is broader, but far less natural; the positions are not very natural, the characters often degenerate into caricatures, and the events are hardly possible. Still, there is much talent, much originality, and very much wit. We were particularly pleased with one hit, in a short paper called Association, wherein the author, speaking of an excursion up the Hudson,—we will give his own words.

“On this occasion, I was pestered with an Englishman, who had come out to see about selling some cotton stuffs for his employers, and having two weeks on hand, before the return of the packet, was making notes for his travels. As we passed the Highlands, he observed that they were nice Ills. He enquired whether the other end of the Hudson emptied into Hudson’s bay, and being told yes, made a memorandum to that effect.”

This is perfectly fair, characteristic, and we can almost believe it true. A bungler would have put the question into the mouth of an English gentleman and spoilt it; Sands has put it, whence it might well have come, into that of a vulgar, ignorant cockney, and it is perfect. This is the difference between character and caricature, and if it had always been observed, as it is here, we should have been spared a few admonitory observations. To conclude, we must cast an eye upon the Poetry with which the second volume closes; above all, upon the “Dream of the Princess Papantzin,” which is decidedly his master-piece, and might have been the master-piece of many a more renowned, though hardly more deserving, poet. The ideas, the imagery, the language, are truly poetical, solemn, and beautiful. The versification is extremely harmonious, and, as we have said before, not very dissimilar to that of Bryant. The only fault, is, that the sentences are occasionally too long, producing a slight obscurity of the sense; but this is a rare, and, after all, a very trivial error. One passage, a comparison between the sacred dove, as exhibited in the bloody mysteries of Aztlan, and in the pure religion of the Christian, we must extract, even at the risk of exceeding our usual boundaries.

Over her the Dove  
Hung, and th’ Almighty power came down. She bore  
In lowliness, and as a helpless babe,



Heir to man's sorrows and calamities,  
 His great Deliverer, Conqueror of Death;  
 And thou shalt learn, how when in years he grew  
 Perfect, and fairer than the sons of men,  
 And in that purifying rite partook  
 Which thou shalt share, as from his sacred locks  
 The glittering waters dropped, high over head  
 The azure vault was opened, and that Dove  
 Swiftly, serenely floating downwards, stretched  
 His silvery pinions o'er the anointed Lord,  
 Sprinkling celestial dews. And thou shalt hear  
 How, when the Sacrifice for man had gone  
 In glory home, as his chief messengers  
 Were met in council, on a mighty wind  
 The Dove was borne among them; on each brow  
 A forked tongue of fire unquenchable lit;  
 And, as the lambent points shot up and waved,  
 Strange speech came to them; thence to every land  
 In every tongue, they, with untiring steps,  
 Bore the glad tidings of a world redeemed."

There is much light and witty trifling behind; such trifling as a master-spirit shakes off in intervals of graver study; some lovely translations,—one, in particular, from *La Martine*,—and an original piece, entitled the "Deluge, supposed to be by the author of *Judgment*, a *Vision*." Part of this is laboriously bombastic, part puerile and unmetrical, and part exquisitely beautiful and harmonious. It is lamentable, to see such trash as the description of the mechanism of the ark, standing, side by side, with such a passage as the bridal procession which follows it, and with which we close our extracts—and such lines as this—

"Joined latitudinally, covered with a platform"—

which is, in fact, nothing at all like metre, in juxtaposition to the following, than which, we are acquainted with no blank verse more perfect in its melody and rhythm.

Others through the coil  
 Of serpent tubes the winding sound prolonged;  
 While some on pastoral flutes and sweet recorders,  
 Breathed tones like those, which o'er Italian seas,  
 Heard in the stillness of the radiant night,  
 Imbodying passion's soul in melody,  
 Feed love and young desire.

We do not attribute the faults, we have here noticed, to error on the part of Mr. Sands, but to a desire of imitating, in ridicule, the failings of another; the danger is, that the motive may be forgotten, while the lines are yet remembered, and the example of our author quoted, to justify extravagancies in succeeding writers, which he would never have committed in his own proper person.

We take leave of this accomplished writer, as we commenced our notice, with mingled emotions of pleasure, pride, and sorrow.—Pleasure, caused by the perusal of his entertaining effusions,—Pride, at the name which he has added to the list of our Country's Literature,—and, Sorrow, sincere sorrow, that he will never add another flower to the chaplet, which he had begun to weave, in his first dawn of intellect, and had not yet accomplished, when

"Came the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 "And slit the thin spun life.—' But not the praise'—  
 "Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears."

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF MARY STUART.

CHASTELAR.

Fired by an object so sublime,  
 What could I choose but strive to climb?  
 And as I strove I fell.  
 At least 'tis love, when hope is gone,  
 Through shame and ruin to love on.

ANON.

THE last flush of day had not yet faded from the west, although the summer moon was riding above the verge of the eastern horizon, in a flood of mellow glory, with the diamond spark of Lucifer glittering in solitary brightness at her side. It was one of those enchanting evenings which, peculiar to the southern lands of Europe, visit, but at far and fleeting intervals, the sterner clime of Britain; not Italy, however, could herself have boasted a more delicious twilight than this, which now was waning into night, above the rude magnificence of Scotland's capital. The fantastic dwellings of the city, ridge above ridge, loomed broadly to the left, partially veiled by those wreaths of vapor, which have been the origin of its provincial name, while, far above the misty indistinctness of the town, the glorious castle towered aloft, upon its craggy throne, displaying an hundred fronts of massive shadow, and as many salient angles jutting abruptly into light. The lovely vale of the king's park, with its velvet turf and shadowy foliage, shone out in quiet lustre, from beneath the dark-gray buttresses of Arthur's seat; while from the trim alleys, and pleached evergreens, which at that day formed a belt of lawn, and shrubbery, and royal garden around the venerable pile of Holyrood,—the rich song of the throstle—the nightingale of Scotland—came in repeated bursts upon the ear.

Delightful as such an evening must naturally be to all, who have hearts awake to the influence of sweet sounds and lovely sights, how inexpressibly soothing must it seem to one, who, languishing beneath the ungenial atmosphere of a northern region, and sighing for the bluer skies, and softer breezes of his father-land, feels himself at once transported, by the unusual aspect of the heavens, to the distant home of his regrets. It was, perhaps, some fancied similarity to the nights, in which he had been wont to court the favor of the high-born dames of France with voice and instrument, that had awakened the melody of some foreign cavalier, more suitable perchance to the light murmurs of the Seine, than to the distant booming of the seas that lash the coasts of Scotland. Such, however, was the illusion produced by the unwonted softness of the hour, that the tinkling of a lute and the full manly voice of the singer did not at the moment seem so inconsistent to the spirit of the country and of the times, as in truth it was. The words were French, and the air, though sweet, so melancholy, that it left a vague sensation of pain upon the listener,—as though none but a heart diseased could give birth to notes so plaintive. "*Pensez a moi! Pensez a moi!*—*Noble dame—pensez a moi*—the burthen of the strain, swelled clearly audible in the deepest tones of feeling, although the intermediate words were lost

amidst the accompaniment of the silver strings. Never perhaps, since the unfortunate *Chatelain de Coucy* first chaunted his extemporaneous farewell to the Lady of his heart, had his simple words been sung with taste or execution more appropriate to their subject. In truth, it was impossible to listen to the lay, without feeling a conviction that the heart of the minstrel was in his song. There were, moreover, moments in which a practised ear might have discovered variations not in the tune only, but in the words, as the singer exerted his unrivalled powers to adapt the text, which he had chosen, to his own peculiar circumstances; nor would it have required more than a common degree of fancy to have traced the sounds—*O Reine Marie*,—mingling with the proper *refrain* of the chaunt, although it would have been less easy to distinguish, whether the fervent expression, with which the words were invested, was applied to an object of mortal idolatry or of immortal adoration.—It would seem, however, that there were listeners near, to whom this doubt had not so much as once occurred; for in a shadowy bower, not far distant from the spot where the concealed musician sang, there stood a group of ladies drinking with breathless eagerness every note that issued from his lips. Foremost in place, as first in rank was one, whose charms have been said and sung, not by the poet and the romancer only, but by the muse of history herself, who almost seems to have dipped her graver pencil in the hues of fiction when describing Mary Stuart of Scotland. Her form, rather below than above the middle stature of the female form, yet fashioned with such perfect elegance, that it was equally calculated to exhibit the extremes of grace and majesty,—Her ringlets of the deepest auburn, glancing in the light with a glossy golden lustre, and melting into shadows of dark chesnut,—the statue-like contour of her grecian head,—Her eyes, on which no man had ever gazed with impunity to his heart, more languid and at the same time far more brilliant than those of created beauty,—Her mouth whose wreathed smile, might have almost tempted angels to descend and worship,—Her swan-like neck of dazzling whiteness,—and, above all, the glorious blending of feminine ease with regal dignity, of condescension and affability towards the meanest of her fellow-men, with the exalted consciousness of all that was due not to her rank, but to herself,—combined to render her, perhaps the loveliest, as after events proved her beyond a doubt the most unfortunate, of Queens or women. Sorrow at this time had scarcely cast a shadow on that transparent brow; or if an occasional recollection of the ill-fated Francis did leave a trace behind, it was a sadness of that gentle and spiritualized description, which is perhaps a more attractive expression to be marked in the features of a lovely woman than the full blaze of happiness and self-enjoyment. Simple almost to plainness in her own attire, the queen of Scotland moved before her four attendant *Maries*, ten thousand times more lovely from the contrast of her unadornment to the gorgeous dresses of those noble dames, who had been selected to be near her person, with especial regard not to exalted rank alone, or to the distinctive name, which they bore in common with their royal mistress,—but to intellect, and beauty, and all those accomplishments, which, general as they are in our days, were then at least as highly valued for their rarity, as for their intrinsic merits. A robe of sable velvet with the closely fitted *corsage* peculiar to the age in which she lived, a falling ruff from the fairest looms of Flanders, and the picturesque



head-gear, which has ever born her name, with its double tressure of pearls, and a single string of the same precious jewels around her neck, completed Mary's dress, while rustling trains of many-colored satin, guarded with costly lace, stomachers studded with gems, bracelets and carcanets and chains of goldsmith's work, gleamed on the persons of her ladies. Still the demeanor of the little group was more in accordance to the simplicity of the mistress than to the splendor of the others. No rigid etiquette was there, none of that high and haughty ceremonial which in the courtly festivals of the rival-queen of England, froze up the feelings even of those trusted few who bore with the caprices, in seeking for the favors, of Elizabeth. The titles of Grace and Majesty were lisped indeed by the lips of the fair damsels, but the character of their remarks, the polished raillery, the light laugh, and the freedom of intercourse, were rather those of the younger members of a family towards an elder sister, than of a court-circle towards a powerful queen. As the last notes of the song died away, she who was nearest to Mary's person whispered in a sportive tone—"Your Grace has heard that lute before—"

"In France—Carmichael"—answered Mary with a breath so deeply drawn as almost to resemble a sigh—"In our beautiful France—when, when shall I look upon that lovely land again"—

While she was yet speaking, the music recommenced. A dash of impatience was mingled with the plaintive sweetness of the strain, and the words *Pensez a moi* swept past their ears with all the energy of disappointed feelings.

"It is the voice"—

"Of the Sieur de Chastelar"—interrupted the queen—"we would thank the gentleman for his minstrelsy. Seyton, *ma mignonne*, hie thee across yon woodbine maze, and summon this night-warbler to our presence."

With an arch smile the lively girl bounded forward, and was for an instant lost among the foliage of the garden.

"Dost thou remember,—my Carmichael,"—said the queen, whose thoughts had been reflected by the well-remembered strains,—“dost thou remember our sylvan festivals in the lovely groves of Versailles, with hound and hawk for noonday pastime, and the lute, the song, and the unfettered dance upon the greensward, beneath moons unclouded by the hazy gloom of this dark Scotland?”

"And does your grace remember"—laughed the other in reply—"a certain fête in which the palm of minstrelsy was awarded by your royal hand to a masked hunter of the forest? Yet was his bearing somewhat gentle for a ranger of the greenwood, and his hand was passing white to have handled the tough bow-string! Does your Grace's memory serve to recall the air whose execution gained that prize of harmony? Methinks it did run somewhat thus"—and she warbled the same notes which had formed the burthen of the serenade.

Whether some distant recollection conjured up the mantling color to the cheeks of Mary, or whether she dreaded the misconstruction of the serenader on his hearing his own tender words repeated in a voice of female melody, it was with brow, neck, and bosom of the deepest crimson that she turned to Mary Carmichael—

"Peace, silly minion,"—she said with momentary dignity—"would'st

have it said that Mary of Scotland is so light of bearing as to trill love-ditties in reply to unseen ballad-mongers.—Nay, weep not neither, *Marie*; if I spoke somewhat shortly, 'twas that the gentleman was even then approaching.—Cheer up, my girl, thou hast, we know it well, a kind, a gentle, and a trusty heart, though nature has coupled the gift to that of a thoughtless head, and random tongue. Take not on thus, or I shall blame myself in that I checked thee, though surely not unkindly. Mary of Stuart loves better far to look upon a smiling lip than a wet eye, even if it be a stranger's—much less that of one whom she loves—as I love thee, Carmichael.”

There was perhaps no circumstance more remarkable, than the power, which at every period of her momentous life, Mary appears to have possessed of winning, as it were at a glance, the affections of all who came in contact with her. The deep devotion, not of the barons and the military chiefs alone, who bled in defence of her cause, but of the ladies, the pages, the chamberlains of her court, nay of the very grooms and servitors with whom she could have held no intercourse beyond a smile or inclination of the head in return for their lowly obeisance, was ever ready for the proof when circumstances might demand its exercise. Not shown by outward acts of heroism only, or by those deeds which men are wont to perform no less at the instigation of their wishes for renown, or of rivalry with some more famed competitor, this devotion was constantly manifested in the eagerness of all around her to execute even the most menial duties to Mary's satisfaction;—in the promptness to anticipate her slightest wish;—in the lively joy which one kind word from her could awaken, as if by magic, on every brow,—and above all, in the utter despondency which seemed to sink down upon those, whom she might deem it necessary to check even with the slightest remonstrance. In the present instance, the sensitive girl to whom the Queen had uttered her commands in the nervous quickness of excitement, rather than with any feeling of harshness or offended pride, felt, it was evident, more bitterness of grief at the rebuke of one whom she loved no less than she revered, than she would have experienced beneath the pressure of some real calamity. As quickly, however, as the sense of sorrow had been excited, did it pass away before the returning smiles, the soft caresses, and the winning manners of the most fascinating of women, the most amiable of superiors. Scarcely had the tears of Mary Carmichael ceased to flow, when the footsteps, which for some moments previously had been heard approaching, sounded close at hand; the branches of the embowering shrubbery were gently put asunder, and the lady Seyton stood again before the Queen, attended by a gentleman of noble aspect, and whose every gesture was fraught with that easy and graceful politeness, which perhaps showed even more to advantage in that iron age and warlike country, displayed, as it often was, in contrast to the rude demeanor and stern simplicity of the warrior lords of Scotland, than in his native France. The *Sieur de Chastelar* was at this period in the very prime of youthful manhood, and might have been some few years, and but few, the senior of the lovely being, before whose presence he bent in adoration humbler and more fervently expressed, than the reverence due from a mere subject to a mortal queen. Tall, and fairly proportioned,—with a countenance in which almost feminine softness of expression was blended with an aspect of the eye and lip, which proved the vicinity of bolder and more manly qualities

slumbering but not extinct, he seemed at the first glance a man most eminently qualified to win a female heart. And who, that looked upon the broad and massive brow, and the quick glance of that eye fraught with intelligence, could doubt but that the mind within, was equal to the more perishable beauties of the form in which it was encompassed?—And, when to all this was added, that the *Sieur de Chastelar* had already won a name in his green youth that ranked with those of gray haired veterans in the lists of glory; that in all manly exercises, as in all softer accomplishments, he owned no superior; that the most skilful master of defence, the famed *Vicentio Saviola*, confessed de Chastelar his equal in the quickness of eye, the readiness of hand and foot which had combined to render him the most distinguished swordsman of the day; that the wildest and most untameable chargers, that ever were compelled to undergo the *manège*, might as well have striven to shake off a portion of themselves as to dismount de Chastelar by any display of violence and power; that his hand could draw the cloth-yard arrow to the head, and speed it to its aim as truly as the featest archer that ever twanged a bow in Sherwood; that he moved in the stately measure of the *paron*, or the livelier *galliarde* with that grace peculiar to his nation; that in the richness of his voice, his execution and taste on lute or guitar, he might have vied with the sons of Italy herself; in short, that all perfections which were deemed most requisite to form a gentleman, were united in de Chastelar, what female heart, that was not proof to all the allurements of love or fancy, could hope to make an adequate resistance. Young, handsome, romantic, ardent in his hopes, enthusiastic almost to madness in his affections, he had been captivated years before in the gay salons of the French capital, by the beauty and irresistible fascinations of the Princess. In the intercourse of French society, which even in the times of the *Medici*, as it has been in all succeeding ages, was far more liberal in its distinctions, and less restricted by the formalities of etiquette, than in any other court, a thousand opportunities had occurred, by which the youthful cavalier had profited to rivet the attention of the princess; at every *carousel* he bore her colors; in every masque he introduced some delicate allusion, some soft flattery, palpable to her alone;—in every contest of musical skill,—which yet survived in Paris the sole remnant of the troubadours,—some covert traces of his passion might be discovered, if not by every ear, at least by that of Mary. Intoxicated as she was, at this stage of her life, by the adulation of all, by the consciousness of beauty, power, and rank far above all her fellows, the Queen of Scotland owed much of her misery in after years to the unclouded brilliancy of her youthful prospects, and to the wide distinction between the manners of that court, in which her happiest hours were spent, and of her northern subjects; by whom her *gaiete de cour*, her love for society less formal than the routine of courts, and her predilection for all innocent amusements, were ever looked upon in the light of grave derelictions from decorum and morality. That she had regarded the gallant boy, whose accomplishments were so constantly before her eyes, with favorable inclinations, was not to be doubted, and that at times she had lavished upon him marks of her good will in rather too profuse a degree, was no less true; but whether this line of conduct was dictated merely by a natural impulse, which ever leads us to distinguish those whom we approve from the common herd of our acquaint-



ance, or by a warmer feeling, can never now be ascertained. It mattered not, however, to the youth from which cause the conduct of the lovely princess was derived ; it was enough for him, that she had marked his attentions, that she had deigned to look upon him with favorable eyes, that she might at some future period learn to love. Not long, however, was it permitted to him to indulge in those fair but fallacious dreams, the marriage of the Scottish princess with the royal Francis was ere long publicly announced, the ceremonies of the betrothal, and lastly of the wedding itself, were solemnized with all the pomp and splendor of the mightiest realm in Europe, and the aspirations of two united nations ascended in behalf of Francis and his lovely bride. It was then, for the first time, that Mary was rendered fully aware of the misery which her unthinking freedom had entailed upon the ardent nature of de Chastelar ; it was then, for the first time, that she learnt how deep and powerful had been the passion, which he had nourished in his heart of hearts ; that she was awakened to a consciousness that she was loved, not wisely, but too well. Heretofore she had believed, that the eagerness of the gay and gallant Frenchman to display his equestrian skill, his musical accomplishments, before her presence and as it were in her behalf, and the devotedness with which he turned all his powers to a single object, were rather to be attributed to a desire of gaining general approbation, as a gentle cavalier, a slave to beauty, and a favored servant of earth's loveliest lady, than to a passion, the romance of which, considering the wide distinction in their sphere, would have amounted to actual insanity. Now she perceived to her deep regret that the arrow had been shot home, and that the barb had taken hold too firmly to be disengaged by a sudden effort, how vehement soever. She saw, in the pale cheek and hollow eye, that he had cherished hopes which reason and reality must bid him at once discard, at once and for ever ; but which he yet had not the fortitude to tear up by the roots and cast into oblivion. For a time he had wandered about, a spectre of his former person, amongst the festivities and happiness of all around him, paler every day and more abstracted in his mien ; then he had exiled himself at once from rejoicings in which he could have no share, and had buried his hopes, his anxieties, his misery in the loneliness of his own secluded chamber. Thus had passed weeks and months, and when at length he had come forth again to join the world and all its vanities, he was as it seemed to all, a wiser and a sadder man. The Queen, ever kind and affectionate in her disposition, imagining that he had struggled with the demon which possessed him, and cast his hopeless love behind him, met his return to the courtly circle with her wonted condescension ; on his preferring his request to be installed her chamberlain, willing to mark her high sense of his imagined integrity in thus manfully shaking off his weakness, she granted his request, and trusting that his own acuteness would readily perceive the distinction between royal favor to a trusted servant, and feminine affection to a preferred lover, assumed nothing of formality or etiquette more than had characterized their former days of unrestricted intercourse. Her own first trial followed ; the first year of her nuptials had not yet flown, when the gallant Francis, the earliest, the worthy object of her young love, sickened with a disease which from its very commencement permitted but slight hopes of his recovery. Then came the wretchedness of anxiety, hoping all things, yet too well aware that all was hopeless ;—the watchings by his

feverish bed, when watching, it was too obvious, could be of no avail ;—the agony when the announcement that all was over, long foreseen, but never to be endured, burst on her mind ;—the long heart-rending sorrow, the repinings after pleasures that were never to return ; and last of all, the cold, stern carelessness of despair. She awoke at length from her lethargy of wo,—awoke to leave the lovely climate which she had learned almost to deem her own,—to be torn from the friends whom she had loved, and the society of which she had been the brightest gem,—to return to a country, which, though it was the country of her birth, had never conjured up to her imagination any pictures save of a gloomy hue and melancholy nature. A few, who had served her in the sunny land of France, adhered to her with unshaken resolution, despising all inconveniences, setting at nought all dangers, save that of separation from a mistress whom to have attended once, was to love for ever. Among those few was Chastelar. The alteration of her condition had undoubtedly suggested to the widowed queen the necessity of an alteration in her conduct towards de Chastelar, particularly when it was added that familiarity between a creature so young and lovely as herself, and a gentleman so noble even in his melancholy as the chamberlain, would have at once excited the indignation of her stern and rigid subjects. In these circumstances, it would perhaps have been a wiser, though not a more considerate plan, to have confided the cause of her embarrassment to the causer of it, and to have requested his absence from her court. It was not, however, in Mary's nature to give pain, if she could possibly avoid it, to the meanest animal, much less to a friend valued and esteemed, as he who was the innocent cause of her anxiety. She adopted, therefore, what being always the most easy, is ever the most dangerous, an intermediate course. In public de Chastelar received no marks of approbation from the Queen, much less of regard from the woman ; but in her hours of retirement, when surrounded by the ladies of her court, the most of whom had followed her footsteps northwards from gay Paris, she delighted to efface from his mind the recollections of neglect before the eyes of the censorious Scots, by a delicacy of attention and a warmth of friendship, which, while it fully answered her end of soothing his wounded feelings, led him to cherish ideas most fatal in the end to his own happiness and to that of the fair being whom he so adored. It was with a heightened color and throbbing breast, that Mary turned to address her unconfessed lover, yet there was no flutter in the clear, soft voice with which she spoke.

"We would thank," she said, "the *Sieur de Chastelar* for the delightful sounds by which he has rendered our walk on this sweet evening even more agreeable than the mild air and cloudless heaven could have done, without his minstrelsy.—Yet 'twas a mournful strain, *de Chastelar*," she continued, "and one which, if we err not, flows from a wounded heart. Would that we knew the object of so true a servant's worship, that we might whisper our royal pleasure in her ear, that she should list the suit of one whom we regard so highly. Is she in truth so obdurate, this fair of thine, *de Chastelar* ?—she must be hard of heart to slight so gallant a chevalier."

"Not so, your grace"—replied the astonished lover in a voice scarcely less sonorous than the music he had made so lately. "She to whom all my vows are paid, she who has ever owned the passionate aspirations of a devoted heart, is as pre-eminently raised in all the sweet and amiable

sentiments of the mind, as in unrivalled beauty, above all mortal beings."

For an instant the queen was dumb; she had hoped by affecting ignorance of his sentiments that she should have been enabled to make him comprehend the madness, the utter inutility of his passion, and she felt that she had failed; that words had been addressed to her, which, however she might feign to others that she had not perceived their bearing, *he* must be well aware she could not possibly have failed to understand. It was with an altered mien, and with an air of cold and haughty dignity, that she again addressed him, as she passed onwards towards the palace.

"We wish thee, then, fair sir, a better fortune hereafter, and until then good night." Without uttering a syllable in reply, he bowed himself almost to the earth, nor did he raise his head again, until the form he loved to look upon had vanished from his sight: then slowly lifting his eyes, he gazed wistfully after her, dashed his hand violently upon his brow, and turning aside, rushed hastily from the spot.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, before the lights were extinguished throughout the vaulted halls of Holyrood; the guards were posted for the night, the officers had gone their rounds, the ladies of the royal circle were dismissed, and all was darkness and silence. In Mary's chamber a single lamp was burning in a small recess, before a beautifully executed painting of the virgin, but the light was not sufficient to penetrate the obscurity which reigned in the many angles and alcoves of that irregular apartment, although the moonbeams were admitted through the open casement.

Her garb of ceremony laid aside, her lovely shape scantily veiled by a single robe of spotless linen, her auburn tresses flowing in unrestrained luxuriance almost to her feet, if she had been a creature of perfect human beauty when viewed in all the pomp of royal pageantry, she now appeared a being of supernatural loveliness. Her small white feet, unsandalled, glided over the rich carpet with a grace, which a slight degree of fancy might have deemed the motion peculiar to the inhabitants of another world. For an instant, ere she turned to her repose, she leaned against the carved mullions of the window, and gazed pensively, and it might be, sadly, upon the garden, where she had so lately parted from the unhappy youth, whose life was thus embittered by that very feeling, which above all others should have been its consolation. Withdrawing her eyes from the moonlit scene, she knelt before the lamp and the shrine which it illuminated, and her whispered orisons arose, pure as the source from which they flowed—the prayers of a weak and humble mortal, penitent for every trivial error, breathing all confidence to Him, who can alone protect or pardon; the prayers of a queen for her numerous children, and last and holiest of all, a woman's prayers for her unfortunate admirer. Yes, she prayed for Chastelar, that strength might be given to him from on high, to bear the crosses of a miserable life, and that by divine mercy the hopeless love might be uprooted from his breast. The words burst passionately from her lips, her whole form quivered with the excess of her emotion, and the big tears fell like rain from her uplifted eyes. While she was yet in the very flood of passion, a sigh was breathed so clearly audible, that the conviction flashed like lightning on her soul, that this most secret prayer was listened to by other ears than those of heavenly ministers. Terror, acute terror, took possession of her



mind, banishing by its superior violence every less engrossing idea. She snatched the lamp from its niche—waved it slowly around the chamber,—and there, in the most hallowed spot of her widowed chamber, a spy upon her unguarded moments, stood a dark figure. Even in that moment of astonishment and fear, as if by instinct, the beautiful instinct of purely female modesty, she snatched a velvet mantle from the seat on which it had been cast aside, and veiled her person even before she spoke—"Oh God—it is de Chastelar."

"Sweet Queen,"—replied the intruder—"bright, beautiful ruler of my destinies, pardon—"

"What ho!"—she screamed in notes of dread intensity—"a moi, a moi mes François.—My guards!—Seyton—Carmichael—Fleming—will ye leave your Queen alone! alone with treachery and black dishonor!—Villain! Slave!"—she cried, turning her flashing eyes upon him, her whole form swelling as it were with all the fury of injured innocence—"didst thou dare to think that Mary—Mary, the wife of Francis—the anointed Queen of Scotland, would brook thine infamous addresses—Nay kneel not,—or I spurn thee—What ho! will no one aid in mine extremity—"

"Fear nought from me—" faltered the wretched Chastelar, but with a voice like that of some inspired Pythoness she broke in—"FEAR! think'st thou that I could fear a thing, an abject coward thing, like thee?—a wretch that would exult in the infamy of one whom he pretends to love. FEAR THEE—by heavens, if I could have feared, contempt must have forbidden it."

"Nay—Mary—hear me! hear me but one word, if that word cost my life—"

Thy life—had'st thou ten thousand lives, they would be but a feather in the scale against thy monstrous villany. "What ho!"—again she cried, stamping with impotent anger at the delay of her attendants—"Treason! My guards—Treason!" At length the passages rang with the hurried footsteps of the startled inmates of the palace—with torch, and spear, and brandished blades, they rushed into the apartment—page, sentinel, and chamberlain, ladies with dishevelled hair, and faces blanched with terror.—The Queen stood erect in the centre of the room, pointing with one white arm bare to the shoulder towards the wretched culprit, who with folded arms and head erect awaited his doom in unresisting silence. His naked rapier, with which alone he might have foiled the united efforts of his enemies, lay at his feet—his brow was white as sculptured marble, and no less rigid, but his eyes glared wildly, and his lips quivered as though he would have spoken. The Queen, still furious at the wrong which he had done her fame, marked the expression. "Silence!" she cried—"Degraded!—would'st thou meanly beg thy forfeit life—Wert thou my father, thou should'st die to-morrow!—Hence with the villain!—Bid Maitland execute the warrant—Ourself—ourself will sign it—away! Chastelar dies at day break!"

"'Tis well—" replied he calmly—"it is well—the lips I love the best pronounce my doom; and I die happy, since I die for Mary!—Would'st thou but pity the offender, while thou dost doom the offence, de Chastelar would not exchange his shortened span of life, and violent death, for the brightest crown of Christendom. My limbs may die—my love will live for ever! Lead on minions—I am more glad to die, than ye to slay!—Mary—Beautiful Mary—think! think hereafter upon Chastelar!"

The guards passed onward—last of the group, unfettered and unmoved, de Chastelar stalked after them. Once, ere he stooped beneath the low browed portal, he paused, placed both hands on his heart, bowed lowly and then pointed upwards, as he chanted once again the words *Pensez a moi—Noble dame—Pensez a moi*. As he vanished from her presence, she waved her hand impatiently to be left alone—and all night long she traversed and re-traversed the floor of her chamber in paroxysms of the fiercest despair. The warrant was brought to her—silently, sternly, she traced her signature beneath it,—not a sign of sympathy was on her pallid features, not a tremor shook her frame; she was passionless, majestic, and unmoved. The secretary left the chamber on his fatal errand—and Mary was again a woman. Prostrate upon her couch she lay, sobbing and weeping as though her very soul was bursting from her bosom, defying all consolation, spurning every offer at remedy. “’Tis done!” she would say—“’Tis done!—I have preserved my fame, and murdered mine only friend.”

The morning dawned slowly—and the heavy bells of all the churches clanged the death-peal of Chastelar. The tramp of the cavalry defiling from the palace gates struck on her heart as though each hoof dashed on her bosom. An hour passed away—the minute bells still tolling—the roar of a culverin swept heavily downwards from the castle, and all was over!—He had died as he had lived, undaunted—as he had lived, devoted!—“Mary, divine Mary,”—were his latest words—I love in death, as I have loved in life—thee and thee only.” The axe drank his blood, and the Queen of Scotland had not a truer servant left behind, than he, whom for a moment’s frenzy she was compelled to slay—yet was his last wish satisfied, for though the Queen might not relent, the woman did forgive, and, in many a mournful hour did Mary think on Chastelar. H.

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#### SUNSET.

How calmly sinks behind the western hills,  
The slow-declining sun! what glorious tints  
The ambient clouds at this sweet hour display!  
A crimson light gleams through the forest trees,  
Shedding a mellow lustre o’er the earth,  
While sleeps the aspen leaf, by winds unmoved.  
There is a solemn stillness gathering round,  
Which frees the mind from those enthralling chains,  
That strongly bind it to the nether world,  
And gives it scope to range in heavenly fields,  
That fancy sees beyond the orb of day.  
This is the hour when Contemplation soars  
To regions in the skies;—and now the soul  
Looks through the windows of its earthly cell,  
And seeks that house for her alone prepared,  
“Not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

E. G. P.

MANLY PIETY, IN ITS PRINCIPLES. By ROBERT PHILIP, of Maberly Chapel. 18 mo. pp. 218. New York. John Wiley. 1833.

It is not a little anomalous, that man, who is accustomed to consider himself the child of reason, and reflection, should so frequently give his unqualified approbation to principles in the abstract, the practice resulting from which, he feels ashamed to exhibit;—and that he should be more fearful of incurring the *ridicule* of finite, imperfect, and wayward beings like his fellow-mortals, than the censure and denunciations of his Creator, all-wise, all-good, and all-powerful as he acknowledges Him to be.—In short, that we should be ever ready to admit the propriety and necessity of religion, considered merely as a principle, whilst so many among us dread the imputation of piety, and holy living, as applied to our own actions.

The folly of this is beyond comprehension; for none but an atheist,—and that is but another name for a FOOL,—can deny his dependence upon the Supreme being for every blessing he possesses, or for which he hopes. In the extremity of peril, of sickness, of pain, and even of joy, the expression of prayer or of praise rises spontaneously to the lips,—we find ourselves, even in our own despite, offering up our hearts, overcharged as they may be, to that God who only can relieve them, and from which offering only, can we contain ourselves in the flood of feeling in which we are liable to be overwhelmed. In such moments there are no false sentiments of shame, no fears of ridicule; the sense of the greater and *real* importance makes the lesser and *imaginary* one totally disappear, and for the moment we are what we ought ever to consider ourselves,—the creatures of Divine mercy, and our supplications are in true accordance with our condition.

But such is that mercy and loving kindness, that these exigencies do but rarely occur in the life of an individual. The ordinary course of events has so little of what is called “stirring interest” in it, that although the very consideration of so undisturbed and equable a life should call for the greater warmth of grateful feeling, that very circumstance causes us rather to forget the hand that sustains us, and in the wantonness of prosperity to be ashamed of the course which it should be our delight to pursue. This sort of false shame is principally to be found in the deportment of the young, who are apt to think the appearance of reverence for religion derogatory to their character, that piety and sprightliness cannot agree together, that they will incur the sneers of their contemporaries, be shunned for their solemnity, despised for what possibly may be termed hypocrisy, and rob themselves of all the pleasures which are so naturally to be expected at their age.—They are apt to put off the consideration of more sober subjects to a future opportunity, and say to themselves that even levities are excusable, whilst they are sowing their “wild oats,” that former generations have pursued the same course, and that seriousness and devotion will surely come in their turn.

With many, it may be admitted, that beneath all this there is a vein of sincere piety existing, which in maturer years, when the vanity of youthful pleasures has been tried, and more sober habits ensue, comes to the surface,

and the man is not ashamed to confess, and to profess, that which in his secret soul he has always approved. As we extend our relations with our fellow-men, as we by degrees perceive how fleeting and evanescent are the joys for which we have languished, how frequently they disappoint us in the possession, or elude us in the pursuit ;—when we behold ourselves travelling in “the downhill of life,” and cannot shut out from our own view the prospect of a termination at no long distance, and which may be accelerated by a thousand means, of which at present we have no notion ;—when we perceive that gradually the number of our friends is diminishing,—for age is not hasty to make new friendships—and that we are thus losing slowly but surely our hold upon earth ;—that even our children are no longer the prattlers about our knees and around our hearths, but have left the parental roof, and have gone forth to mingle in the business and the cares of the world ;—if then the principles have remained unsophisticated through the frivolities of earlier years, there is not much difficulty in throwing off the gay trappings with which the heart has been clad, and assuming the robe of “sober gray,” turning for its solace and support, to the kind and beneficent Creator whose eye has never ceased to be upon us, though we may have slighted the celestial beams, and who at last has brought us into “his marvellous light,” albeit unsought for by any active exertions of ours.

But it is dangerous to trust to such results. The more ordinary effect of exterior levity upon religious matters, is of a very different nature. The young derider begins with trepidation, and misgivings that he is not quite right, in all he alleges, or to which he listens. Familiarity, however, reconciles him to the subject ; in time he learns to take a lead, and to sneer in his turn at those less advanced than himself in the ridiculous jargon, or blasphemous expression, of the tribe in which he has incorporated himself. By degrees his opinions get confirmed from his own oft-repeated assertions—assertions made without reflection,—he becomes sceptical he knows not why ; and will not examine the truth or falsehood of his notions, till old age and disease come upon him, the prospect of death stares him in the face, and he awakes from a delirious dream to the horrible reality, that he has been scoffing at the God before whom he is about to appear, and has not a shadow of excuse for the part he has taken.

The little work, the title of which stands at the head of this paper, is well calculated to call attention to this subject. It is written by a zealous pastor of a Christian church, and it *manfully* sets forth the duties and considerations which should be kept in view by Christians of all ages, although the precepts are more expressly calculated for those who are only about to perform the part of soldiers of the Church militant. There are two classes to whom this book may be found extremely valuable :

1st. Those who are cold in spirit, whose attention to the duties of religion is slightly performed, and made secondary to all secular considerations ; who have no more elevated ideas of those duties, than that they are decorous, and calculated to preserve peace and good order among mankind, and no better consideration of the sabbath, than that of its being a day of rest from worldly cares, and very properly adapted to recruit the spirits, and to refresh the limbs.—These, for the most part, are persons of sordid dispositions, their minds wrapped up in the desire of wealth ; they are industrious, but not for the good of others, not with the hope that with expanded



means they may confer additional benefits around, within the sphere of their influence,—but for the sake of accumulation and without any consideration as to an ulterior object. In youth and adolescence this is one of the meanest of vices; it cannot rise higher in general estimation, at any age of human life, than that of causing pity and contempt for its possession, but it cannot too soon be eradicated from the bosom of the young: and we know of no better means than beginning betimes to apprehend truly the Christian Morality, and to practise the Christian precepts;—to learn that *manly piety* dignifies the appearance, whilst it ennobles the character and enriches the soul.

Mr. Philip has taken up this part of his argument in a masterly manner, and has shown himself to be a liberal thinker in the best sense of the word. Nothing can be farther from the character of a blind zealot than the following beautiful passages, adapted we conceive, to the understanding, and conciliating the attention of the coldest.

“The duties of life are as incumbent on us, as the duties of godliness. We are as much bound to be industrious, as to be devotional. It is, therefore, neither a sin nor a shame to feel within us, the workings of an active and enterprising disposition, in reference to this world. It is, indeed, both sinful and shameful to feel nothing else.”

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“We are fully warranted to believe that, in our own case, the duties of life are as well-pleasing to God, in their own place and proportion, as the duties of godliness. It would neither be manly nor godly piety, to prefer a life of mere musing, however spiritual, to a life of alternate and blended diligence and devotion.

“It is, however, arrant mental weakness, as well as arrogant impiety, to set up the claims of time against the claims of eternity. They only clash, when they are *made* to clash. In themselves they are neither incompatible nor inconsistent. In fact, they are intended and adapted by God, to help each other. The cares of this world, make the world to come desirable; and the glories of heaven, make the glooms of earth tolerable. He, therefore, who lives only for time, levels himself with the beasts that perish. He may build a finer house than the beaver, and amass more stores than the bee, and travel farther than a bird of passage, and rival the butterfly in show, and the nightingale in song: but, if these things engross his soul, and absorb all his time, his rational powers are let down to mere animal instincts; and the *results* of his life have no more relation to heaven than the songs of a bird or the pursuits of a beast. Is this—manly?

“Eternity does not, then, interfere with the fair claims of time. ‘The world to come’ does not interpose its glories or its terrors, to hide or hinder the proper business of this world. Instead of this, the future lends and bends all its high authority to confirm the legitimate claims of the present; making idleness ‘worse’ than infidelity; hallowing domestic and social love; upholding the sacredness of person and property; and throwing open fields of usefulness to minds of all orders, and to men of all conditions. Should not, then, the present do equal justice to the future; and time admit and honour the claims of eternity?”

In connexion with this class there are others, which may be termed collateral, although their motives are not of so sordid a nature as those just described, but, being equally excessive, they may justly be made to link here, and to call for animadversion. Such are they whose attention is so much absorbed in the past that they have no time to throw away on the future. The fine-spun theories of the Pagan Philosophers are so bewitching to their imaginations that every thing apart from them, and more especially of more modern growth, is beneath their regard.—Such are they also who plunge into the mazes of politics, and in any way take up their time in some master-passion or employment. Here again our author is eloquent.

“Dr. Johnson has well said, ‘It is only whatever gives the past and the future a predominance over the present, that can raise us in the scale of *thinking* beings.’ if

therefore, the present predominate over both, we must even *sink* on that scale. This is inevitable. There are, indeed, men who rise to the heights of philosophy and poetry, by their familiarity with the past. The wisdom of ages is on their lips, and the wealth of history at their command. They are far-sighted in legislation; and all tact in literature. And, could time past return, they, of all men, would be best prepared to mingle with the mighty dead, and to accommodate themselves to the ancient forms and feelings of society. They would be at *home* with Plato in his taste, and with Homer in his patriotism, and Socrates in his sagacity. But as time past cannot return, this predominance of the past over the future, is as irrational as the predominance of the present, because equally irrelevant to eternity.

I do not underrate such knowledge. He is no ordinary *thinker* who can amass and apply it. It is, however, no preparation for the society of angels, nor for the fellowship of the general assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect. The mere antiquary, philosopher, or poet, however high on the scale of intellect, is low on the scale of wisdom, if he can prefer an ideal communion with antiquity, to real preparation for eternity. Besides, if it be noble to make all the lights of the *past* bear upon the present, either as beacons to warn, or as lustres to beautify, it must be ignoble and unmanly to let in none of the lights of immortality upon the present. Why should they be excluded? The history of time is not so well authenticated, as the revelation of eternity. And if the fate of heroes, or the fall of empires, teach any useful lessons, surely the final destinies of the universe cannot be uninstructional. Gain, by all means, an acquaintance with former ages. A knowledge of what has been, will enable you to appreciate what *is*, and thus operate as a check on personal vanity and political extravagance. It is, however, what *shall be*—that alone can prevent you from living for this world, or prepare you for the world to come."

2d. But there is a second class, upon whom the author calls quite as loudly, though in a different tone. It is to those, who in the vanity of a youthful heart, and a *little* learning, imagine it very fine to scoff at revealed religion, or at being found among the sober votaries of her altars.—Volatile spirits, an overweening conceit, and *bad example*, are the leading causes of dereliction among them. Not unfrequently the wholesome doctrines which they have imbibed at school, and by the domestic fireside, have been smothered by an inundation of those vile treatises of modern infidelity by which so many thousands, both here and in Europe, have of late been corrupted:—treatises couched in florid language, containing brilliant sophisms, which the young and inexperienced mind cannot detect, but which are eagerly received by the unsuspecting reader, who imagines that in adopting them he shakes off the trammels of a benighted world, and is far superior in intelligence to the ordinary run of mortals.—Poor youths!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring,  
Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain  
But drinking largely sobers us again."

They have voluntarily shut themselves out of the protecting care of Providence, and were it not that Omniscience whilst it laughs at their empty speculations, yet takes pity on their ignorance, what indeed would be their condition?

"Of all the pompous inanities of a '*talking philosophy*,' the most contemptible is the pretence, that the greatness and grandeur of the universe render the affairs of this world, and especially of individuals, too insignificant to be regulated by a special Providence. Because, forsooth, the solar system is immense, and systems of suns magnificent, and space as brilliant as boundless, sciologists argue, that man is too mean, to be an object of divine solicitude, or of providential care. The men who talk thus, profess to be influenced by lofty ideas of God, and by a sacred regard to His majesty. They say, that it is both vulgar and presumptuous, to imagine that the Great Supreme should notice little things, or interfere with the course of human affairs. It may be worthy of Him, they allow, to sustain the great laws of Nature, and to superintend

the universe as a whole; but, to hear the prayers, or heed the conduct of individuals, they deem unworthy of God. Thus they profess to exalt the Deity! There is, however, nothing so *vulgar* as this, in all the common notions of Providence. The language of this theory is fine; but the principle of it is coarse, and the spirit of it mean, and its whole aspect more degrading to Deity, than the lowest notion of His providence, which the weakest Christian entertains. For, this theory confines the attention of the eternal mind to the *mindless* parts of creation—to masses and motions of mere *matter*; whereas, the most vulgar theory of Providence, places God in the province of life and mind—a sphere which has some resemblance to Himself, and with which He can hold some rational intercourse, or feel some natural sympathy. Suns and systems, and all the vast machinery of the universe, have no affinity with the divine nature, and no consciousness of the divine care; and, therefore, to make them the sole or the chief objects of divine attention, is, to degrade God. They are, indeed, immense and magnificent; but, in themselves, they are as base as they are bulky, and as inert as they innumerable.

“How, then, can that be an exalted idea of God, which confines his care and complacency to mere machinery, and excludes from both beings capable of knowing and enjoying both? O, the grossest superstition was never so vulgar, as this rapid refinement! Superstition has always, and at least, represented the Infinite Mind as occupied about mind, and as subordinating matter to the improvement of spirits; and, although sometimes too familiar, and at other times too fanciful, in its details of Providence, it was never so brutish as to fill the heart or hands of Deity with machinery. It remained for men, calling themselves philosophers! to do this. And most fully have they verified the apostolic proverb by it;—‘*professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.*’”

The mischiefs perpetrated by the Infidel writers in the latter part of the eighteenth century, are beyond all calculation. The moral and religious anarchy which they caused,—to say nothing of the political—were such, that it may and probably will require a century to bring back order. The barriers of faith and good principle being once broken down, the flood of blasphemy and ribaldry that overspread the civilized world gave nourishment to noxious weeds, which still choke or at least embarrass the growth of those pure principles by which we may hope to live everlastingly. For the last half century it has been the fashion to consider a religious exterior as derogatory to independence of thought, degrading and unbecoming to a free man. Miserable idea! And what a handle for the mischievous and evil-disposed! It is well known that there is no weapon so dreadful to the younger and more irascible part of society as ridicule. Strong indeed must be the principles which can withstand its power, and accordingly, it is with *that* sword that the enemy of religious faith assaults the unsuspecting and rash. In what way shall they best be armed? By having the truth implanted betimes, and by being early taught that the faith they profess is above all ridicule.—By observing that even this formidable weapon, when it fails to wound, recoils upon its master, who ultimately retreats in shame from a combat in which he engaged without *arms of proof*.

Well and truly has our author treated upon all the branches of “manly piety,” and we earnestly recommend the work to public perusal. There are marks of deeply settled earnestness throughout; and in parts there are passages of great poetical, or at least allegorical beauty. We are tempted to give one with which we shall conclude our remarks, and shall only add that the general tone of the treatise is moderate and conciliatory. It can hardly be so in very strictness, because a man who feels so warmly as Mr. Philip appears to have felt, and whose opinions must be so fixed as his ought to be, must necessarily have opinions and feelings occasionally at variance from those of some others.—Such is the case here once or twice,

but he has not been more violent in his attacks than his antagonists would feel inclined to pardon.

"Truth, you will allow, is an important thing in any state of society; and never was more wanted than at the time when Christ began to promulgate it to the world. Error was then triumphant, and stood Colossus-like, with one foot on Mars Hill, and the other on the Tarpeian Mount. Her left hand rested on the pyramids of Egypt,—and her right on the Pillars of Hercules; around her gigantic form, wreathed the incense of ten thousand altars; her embossed pedestal was purpled with blood, and her shrine hung with the shields of the mighty, and the harps of antiquity. Beneath the shadow of her wings, lay the tombs of generations, sculptured with every emblem but Immortality,—and her temples, whilst they enchanted the eye, lent all their charms to licentiousness and fiction. Such was the sway and fascination of error, when Truth, in the meek and lowly form of a servant, sat down on the Mount of Olives to teach mankind. A few indigent fishermen were her first adherents, and until the splendor of her miracles gave *clat* to her doctrines, her *gracious words* could hardly redeem her from public contempt. But her cause was heaven's cause—and heaven interfered to vindicate it, by enabling Truth to wield the elements, at will—to bind death and diseases in chains—and to reap her trophies on every field of misery and despair. And this she did successfully."

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### THE MUSICAL ASS.

*From the Spanish of Yriarte.*

#### I.

Gentles, attend this simple rhyme:

It boasts small skill, I'm free to say;—  
Yet rightly heard, its untaught chime  
May teach you more than loftier lay.

#### II.

An Ass one morning, sallied forth,  
To journey down a sunny vale;  
He cropped the dewy flowers of earth,  
And snuffed with joy the fragrant gale.

#### III.

At length he hied him to repose  
Beneath an oak tree's welcome shade;  
And saw, amid the herbage close,  
A shepherd's lute neglected laid.

#### IV.

Starting, he turned him at the sight,—  
Then stooped, the wonder near to view:—  
When lo! his breath, by chance aright,  
A tone of sudden music drew!

#### V.

Proudly he rose.—"What mortal now  
"Shall doubt my skill?"—he cried with glee.—  
"The bird that carols on the bough,  
Can boast no rivalry with me!"

#### VI.

May many by this ditty learn—  
Nor let the moral pass unheeded,—  
Who, like the ass, all lessons spurn,  
Because they once, by chance, succeeded.

E.



## THE REEFER'S FIRST CRUISE.

*Armado.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Costard.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash.

GENTLE reader, a marlingspike is not a pen, and albeit a black liquid stains the bright end of either; yet the one instrument rejoices in tar, and the other in ink. Will you then make due allowance for the thick medium through which a sailor's thoughts must be shadowed forth to you? Will you recollect that the written language of the seaman is in its infancy?—that his education has not been of a kind to enable him freely to communicate his thoughts to others? He cannot endue his purposes with words. The language he employs on the waters over which he roams, is not his land's language, nor are there the quaint expressions in his mother tongue that can be forced to correspond with those of the dialect that belongs alone to the sons of ocean. His hoarse voice, that has been trained to convey mandates amid the shrill whistling of the angry gale, or the fierce roar of the deep-mouthed cannon, is no fit accompaniment to the soft music of a lady's chamber, and might ruffle the sleepy atmosphere that surrounds the guarded diplomatist. And yet he has found favor with the former and outwitted the latter; but in both cases it has generally been by a *coup de main*. The close, seductive courtship does not belong to him, nor can he compass the fine wire-spun diplomacy of the crafty politician; but at times his energy, his habitual readiness, and the quickness of determination, his profession has taught him always to pursue, will break down the barriers of female reserve, or the cunning fence of crafty policy.

His bearing is that of the blunt old commodore, who when queen Mary told him she had appointed him an admiral, answered, "Your majesty has done well." And such must be our bearing when we embark upon the sea of literature; 'rude must we be in our speech,' yet if the world chooses to listen, we will read to it a chapter of human life it knows little of, albeit it is full-fraught with interest, abounds in incident, and is curious in simplicity. A seaman with the determination, activity, energy, independence, and fearlessness of the man, combines the gullibility and artless simplicity of the boy; and if the incomprehensible things he sees and hears by land and water implant in his breast a Munchausen love of romance, he may share the censure with lesser travellers, and plead ignorance, where they pretend to stores of learning. Moreover it is but a retaliation on his part; the landsman gulls him with strange tales of wonder in the interior of a country, he knows merely by the indentations of its maritime outline, and in return his fancy repays the half believed tales with others of mid ocean, that may vie in improbability with those of his 'long shore antagonist. His stores of knowledge are small, but his mind, accustomed to activity, cannot be kept in a state of rest during the dreary watch, and having no other exercise, it sets imagination to work, and sometimes produces strange and wonderful results.

He has no care, no anxiety about the future. All that, his officer must pro-

vide for, and he knows that no exertion of his, can add a comfort to, or subtract a luxury, from his slender stock of enjoyments. He is satisfied to obey orders, and if want come upon him, he laughs at his own distresses and grumbles at his officers' want of foresight, and between mirth and bitterness goes through his difficulties with the same *nonchalance* that a cockney would exhibit at the advent of a squall not dangerous, while he was enjoying himself upon the Thames. He complains, it is true, but he always ends by saying, "Well, I saw worse times when I was in the old *Hardweather*." His pleasures, too, he always enjoys with a fierce delight; no landsman knows the zest with which he relishes a joke, or appreciates a good thing. He makes much of mirth, makes light of misfortune, and laughs at misery. He is not a child of nature, but in his sophistication he is alone. He has not the pride of the countryman in politics, agriculture, charity, and education: he lives for one simple and single end, to be a seaman; and if he once attain his end, his only further object through life is to keep it. This may seem simple and easy, but when we examine what is required of him, we find a long catalogue of excellencies that we are not prepared for—courage, coolness, quickness, invention, watchfulness, and implicit obedience are amongst them: and yet the seaman is called thoughtless. He is known only on shore. If he were seen in his proper place, the world would be struck with the rapidity with which he arrives at conclusions, the fertility with which his active mind devises expedients, and the daring he observes in obeying the most unexpected orders, no matter whether their importance is naught, or their legality less. Your true seaman is a machine in the hands of his officer, a being replete with reflection, quickness, and ingenuity when left to himself; but who, when on shore, carries only the determination of making pleasure, if he cannot find it ready made. He does not leave his ship to show off; he leaves it to dispose of his spare cash, and it is little odds to him how he arrives at his end; while his bearing is such that he is generally considered a careless mortal, anxious to get rid of what has ever been termed the root of evil. The fact is so, but his motives are misunderstood; he has been long absent from enjoyment, and he rushes madly into every promised pleasure. If he fail in his purpose, he spends his money and re-ships, to laugh at his failure. He has no care while on shore, and is anxious for no claim to those cares that oppress the high and low he meets on *terra firma*. His world is his ship's company, and he lives a new life in each new ship he joins. He is a man in body, a child in enjoyment, and a veteran in experience. He gives sage advice to the youngster, and assists him in his tricks. He recommends prudence to the middle-aged man, and joins in his prodigality. He talks learnedly to his contemporary of his experience, and assists him in his follies. In short, he is made up of contradictions. The experience of the man takes nothing from the folly of the boy. The greenness of youth, the pith of manhood, and the babyism of old age, are mixed and mingled into a complete *olla podrida*. Will you then wonder that tar should not be as fluent as ink?

Supposing then, gentle reader, that after our exordium, you will not expect the mainstay of a ship to be of thrown silk, or the rough wit of a steerage to be of classical conception.—Supposing that you may admire the chaste and exquisite beauties of the classical corinthian order, and at the same time not be disgusted with the rough gothic of a more barbarous and

yet more recent age—which sentences in other language may read thus.—Supposing you will say, the delicate *Monte Fiascone* flavor of the finished articles of the present fastidious day shall not drive from our tables the relish of the rough but racy sherry that is in our locker; we can eat a risole with the *gusto* of a gourmet, and yet there is good taste at times even in pork and beans,” then will we lay our coarse fare before you. The stomach of the literary dyspeptic may revolt at it—he must be fed on ethereal matter; but we trust that the more healthy appetite of the devourer of all decent dishes, from the delicacies of Delmonico to the roast and corned beef of Clark and Brown, will digest the fare we present to them, without suffering after it, from indigestion. Thus far we have used the arrogant plural, we,—now for a simple tale, told in the more modest first person singular—

On the 22d day of May, 18—I received my acting appointment as a midshipman in the U. S. Navy, and the same day swore to, and subscribed, an oath, signifying my determination to do my duty, obey my superiors, and comport myself, in all things, as a midshipman should. I immediately applied to the Secretary, for orders to the Mediterranean, and to my tailor for an uniform. I likewise shipped cockade, and had many questions about the bug on my hat, put to me, which were solved after the best manner my wit could devise. The time came for my departure, and the vessel (a merchantman) in which I had taken my passage, was now upon the broad bosom of the ocean.

It is a strange jump from boyhood to manhood; but, in our profession, it is made. “One day a king” &c., is but the art of sinking, and is easily described; but the sudden change, from leading strings to leading men, is one of those vagaries of fortune, that can not be described, but can be felt, only by those who have known them. I left the dock, a boy under the control of others; I parted with the last relation I was to see; and, painful as that parting was, I felt myself a man the moment I was alone; and, if the spirit of pride did not get the better of the spirit of affection—why, it was nearer to it than it ought to have been. The broad Atlantic was passed, and Gibraltar Bay, with its lofty rock, and the corresponding hill on the opposite side, were before me. I got on the top-gallant yard, to see if any of our squadron were in port, and, as we neared the key of the Mediterranean, I saw the stripes and stars floating over three men of war. I was in ecstasies, and, not paying much attention to my own well-being, a little cat-paw of a squall took my hat off and left it in the strait commonly called the gut. We came to an anchor, and at almost the same time, a boat left the sloop-of-war, and came alongside of us. An old schoolmate of mine was the officer of it, and a lieutenant whom he introduced as Mr. Dell, was alongside of him. The lieutenant touched his hat, and I apologised for not being able to touch mine, as I had left one just off Sandy Hook, another off the Western Islands, while lying to under the lee of Corvo, and a third just off Terceira. After a little conversation, the health officer came alongside, the letters we had for the squadron were duly smoked and vinegared, and handed over to them, and we were ordered to undergo a quarantine of four days. It was a hard time; I could neither read nor write, nor talk. My day was spent in pacing impatiently, the little quarter-deck of the brig, and looking, first at the lofty rock, bristling with can-



non, and covered with the red-coated English soldiery, then at the sunny slope on the opposite shore, clothed with the cork tree, the olive and the orange, and crowned with a picturesque ruin, and then turning to our little squadron, and watching the busy boats, plying between the ships and the shore, and eyeing every midshipman that passed, as he gave his orders in a peremptory tone to his obedient crew. I longed to be one having authority; and, when the wished-for day arrived, and we were permitted to have communication with the shore, or in the language of the place, when we "got pratique," I really regretted that I was obliged to go ashore and procure some necessaries that I had neglected to provide myself with, when I left home. Early in the morning, I was dressed in full uniform, waiting for Iretton, who had promised to take me ashore in a man-of-war's boat. At about nine, he was alongside, and after a few moments spent in shaking hands and congratulating one another, in we jumped and shoved off. "Take the helm" said Harry, "you may as well learn at once to steer a boat, for it is as like as not that you will be appointed aid, if we do not receive orders for home, pretty soon. There is not such a coat as that in the whole squadron. I am aid now, and this is the best rig I can muster; and I've got a thundering dead horse to work up." "A dead horse, Harry, what is that." "Oh, that means that the purser has too much of my name on the wrong side of his books, and if we don't have a pretty long cruise somewhere, I shall go into winter quarters as poor as a Mahon *padre*—port a little—steady now—in bow. Always take in your bow oar early, to give the bowman a chance to get his boat-hook ready, when you come in here; for you do not know whether the landing place is clear or not—hard a starboard now—ease your larboard oars—rowed—there you see she is alongside handsomely. Shove off coxswain, and return on board at once. "Now, said he," we'll go up and get you a hat, and after a stroll on the Alameda, we'll go on board, and you can report yourself to the captain for duty." I got my hat and was introduced to half-a-dozen officers, but it was pretty hard to understand more than half they said; and the introduction was given in such a strange manner,—to one man I would be formally presented,—while to another, it was "a new sufferer, Charley—a fresh beef bone polisher, Bill, just caught, green as a yellow cabbage, well found, though, both in standing and running rigging. You're like a young bear, my lad—the sore head has got to come yet, but you will find it pretty soon—our skipper will work you up like old junk, in no time; and now let us get a little beer aboard. Here, you John, (all servants are John, in the Mediterranean) fetch us a couple of bottles of pale ale, and some crackers and cheese *presto*." We drank a glass—took a walk on the Alameda—looked at the English soldiers—and then went on board the sloop-of-war, to report. I was utterly astonished at the appearance of the vessel. I had been told she was a small craft, and that it would be better for me to meet my hardships all at once, and here I was, in a vessel that seemed to me a monster. Eleven guns on a side—a long deck, crowded with men—tall spars, that looked to me as if the possibility of getting to the top of them was rather questionable. The little brig I had just left seemed but a cockle shell, and my imagination led me to the conclusion that no sea could ever throw its spray over her deck. I pictured to myself a course of unmixed pleasure, with the only one drawback of keeping watch.



Harry carried me to the cabin, and introduced me to the captain. He was a man of about thirty-six, with large, black, ferocious-looking whiskers, a voice that seemed to be moderated with great care, and yet as if the angry tones were struggling for the mastery. He looked at me with a strange mixed expression, between pity for my youth, and enjoyment at the prospect of breaking me in. After some common-place remarks, he looked at my orders, and then told me to report myself to the commodore, putting me under the care of my friend Harry, who was to see that every thing was done ship-shape. Away we went, the officer of the deck gave us a boat, and in ten minutes we were alongside the U. S. frigate *Constitution*. Here again all was new, and on a monstrous scale,—the large guns—the immense gun-deck, upon which a tall man could walk without stooping—the large boats alongside of her—all excited my surprise; and the determination I had made, not to ask any questions except when I was alone with Harry, forsook me. I poured my questions into his ear like a boy of twelve. "What is that neat little boat for, Harry?" "That is the commodore's gig; it is for his sole use; and that big black devil is called the purser's gig, or, in other words, the launch; but you will understand that better hereafter.

"Gentlemen, the commodore is ready to see you," said one of the midshipmen. We entered the cabin, and were politely received by a mild elderly looking man, dressed in plain citizens dress, and whom I should most certainly have taken for the chaplain. He read my orders, and then told me, that, if I wished, he would order me to his own ship; I thanked him, but told him that it was the request of my friends that I might make my first cruize in a sloop-of-war, as the life was one of more difficulty, and I would be likely to learn my duties faster. "Very well, sir; report yourself to Captain C—, and I hope in a few days, you will be doing duty at sea." "I hope so, too, in"—said I—"May I ask, commodore, which way you are bound?" The commodore smiled, and said—"Perhaps your friend may be able to tell, or, if he cannot, he at least can tell you why; good morning, gentlemen"—and he bowed us politely out of the cabin. "Well, you are green enough," said Harry, as we got on the gun-deck; "why, man, no one in the ship is supposed to know where she is bound, except the commodore, or even in the squadron; a place of rendezvous is given to the captain of each vessel, in case of parting company in heavy weather, and that is very often sealed, and not opened if the ships remain in squadron. Come down into the steerage." Here, again, I was introduced to a number of midshipmen; and, as soon as the ceremony was over, Harry gave them an account of our reception by the commodore; there was a general roar when they heard of my unfortunate question. One of them went into the ward-room, and gave it to the lieutenants; again a burst of laughter told the mirth it occasioned. I felt excessively annoyed, but one of the mids came to me and told me not to mind that; every one must make some mistake, and this was by no means an extraordinary one. Just at this time, I heard a voice like the shrill notes of an immense assemblage of canary birds, and was just going to ask what that whistling was for, when Harry told me they were piping; a short roll on the drum followed—"There is the grog." We went out to see it. There stood a midshipman by an enormous tub of grog called the bull, and around him were a crowd of men with wooden cans, hooped with iron bands. Every where they went might be

heard the cry of "scaldings," "stand right under," or some such exclamation, to put others on their guard; and I could see plainly that the contents of these vessels gave their bearers a right to jostle others, without receiving any compliment." "What day is to day" said Harry to one of the men. "Pea soup day, sir," was the answer. We walked forward, and, at the immense cooking apparatus, was another crowd, receiving, in what is called kids, (round tubs, pretty much like those used in large families to wash the breakfast equipage in,) a quantity of pea soup and a piece of pork. In a few minutes, they were all seated around their kids in little knots, and as we passed along, I could hear them say, "that's the chap that wanted to overhaul the commodore's journal," and "he'll find out that he has shipped for a queer cruize, before many months are over," with a good many more such remarks—showing, pretty plainly, that my unfortunate speech had gone fore and aft like wild-fire. I felt much mortified; but as I thought I should only incur more ridicule, by speaking of it, I wisely held my tongue.

"A boat ready for you, Mr. Ireton." "Very well, sir. Now we will go on board and report for duty." "But Harry, I have reported twice; are you going to keep a man reporting all the time?" "Why, not exactly; but you will now report to the captain. He will tell you to report to the first lieutenant for duty, and he will give you permission to go ashore for a couple of days, and then put you in a watch." We went on board, and after we had gone through all this form, Harry got permission to go ashore with me. We went directly to the Crown and Anchor, and there found a collection of officers from the different ships in port, awaiting dinner. Again my unfortunate mistake was told. "It is well for you," said one, "that you did not ask the question to your own captain; he would have mast-headed you to begin with." "Ay, ay," added another, "and your first would have quarantined you, for a month." "But gentlemen," said I "surely they would not use harsh measures to a beginner, for being ignorant of etiquette?"—"Ignorant! by the hokey, you'll find out that you must know every thing to begin with. Now, suppose the captain should ask you how the *hawse* is—what would you say?" "Why, I would tell him, that I was not aware there was a horse on board."

This produced a general laugh, and one of them told me that it was a *hawse*, (spelling the word) and not a horse; "and now," added he, "if any of your superior officers should ask the question, tell them that there are three round turns and an elbow; and if she swings to port, there will be three turns and two crosses; but if she swings to starboard, there will be three round turns and a half hitch." "Very well, sir," said I, "I do not exactly understand what it means; but if I am asked, I will say so certainly; but I suppose it is highly improbable that any such question should be put to me." "Not probable, sir, by any means, but it is possible." "Here, my lads, comes the wine and bitters; let us all take a small pull, just to stir up the appetite. I've been galley ranging, and we have got woodcock and red legged partridges; so stand by for a blow out." "Mr. Burnham," said one of the lieutenants, addressing me, "what time did you leave the ship." "About an hour ago, sir." "How is the hawse, sir." "There were some round turns, sir, and elbows, and if she swings to port, there will be half hitches; but if she swings to starboard there will be crosses." This was too much for the gravity of the whole company, and the room rang with

laughter. I joined in it heartily ; for I was aware, that, however ludicrous my mistake might be, I had kept a smack of the language, and had moreover been played upon by others. My apprehensions of being punished for ignorance, were also much lightened, and I began to think it was possible that a mistake might be corrected with less unkindness, than their conversation had led me to suppose. Lewis, the lieutenant was highly amused. He shook hands with me, and told me that if I would pay as much attention to all the information I received, upon the subject of seamanship, as I had to that, which was given for a hoax, I might rest assured that in a proper time I would become a seaman and an officer.

"Belay all that, Lewis," said Harry, "no designs on the young man's wardrobe ; the skipper put him under my charge, and d--n my shirt if any man gets any of his dunnage on his back, unless it is myself, and I shall use it very moderately." "Why, Harry," rejoined Lewis, "as to damning your shirt, it would be pretty like holding a survey over a dead man. If you was a forecastle man instead of a midshipman, it would have been condemned long ago ; and all I advise this gentleman is to keep the key of his own locker, for if he trusts it to you, that big chestful of dunnage that I had whipped over the side to-day, will tell mighty small in six months. Look out for him, Mr. Burnham ; I know he was a schoolmate of yours, but he was a shipmate of mine before I wore a swab, and as sure as he bends a coat of yours, it will be condemned. He does not know how to take care of himself, much less his rigging, and far less that of another man. He is the most careless of mortals, and takes good care not to know his own jacket from that of another man, particularly if his own has been on a long cruise. He is a friendly man enough to his friends, but he is as friendly again to their wardrobes ; however, you must take it your own course ; almost every officer has to suffer at first in the matter of dunnage, and perhaps it is well he should : it teaches him to look out for number one, and not to lend his last shirt to his best friend, and leave himself stripped to a girth-line—but here comes the boy to say dinner is ready ; so let us go in, gentlemen. I walked in with him, a little astonished at the appellation he chose to give a man of about fifty ; but I soon learned that *boy*, on board of a ship, is equivalent to waiter on shore, and that neither age nor manhood have any right to interfere with the appellation.

Our dinner was certainly good as to *materiel*, and if I had been long on board of a man of war, I should have pronounced it, without doubt, excellent, as did every one else ; but never were woodcock or partridge so disguised ; the one was burnt to a coal, through and through, and the other was only burnt on the outside, and raw within. However, we made up, in the wines ; our champagne was excellent, and our Madeira good ; the latter circulated little, but the former went round as fast as a bead in a child's rattle. It is a boy's first love, and, like all first loves, it becomes his aversion when he arrives at maturity. With us, however, it was the great thing, and we went it, not until we were in such a situation that we could not walk a seam, but until we were able to talk against time with any set of men that might be found. My health was drank, and Harry slipped round as I was returning my thanks for the honor they had done me—and said, "Give Jones ; though not adverse to a *Frolic*, he can take the sting out of a *Wasp*." I had become much confused by this time, and could not take

the point of the toast ; indeed the words Wasp and Frolic, conveyed no ideas to me, except the supposition that we might be all doing what we ought not to do, and I therefore supposed Harry meant me to show a disinclination to proceed any farther in our present frolic. I therefore concluded my remarks with—"Gentlemen,—Commodore Jones, who likes a frolic, but punishes its excess with the sting of a wasp."

For an instant there was a dead silence, until Harry broke it with a hearty and uncontrollable peal of laughter, and explained my mistake amid the most noisy outpourings of mirthful cachinnation that ever rang in the ears of a poor greenhorn. I had to take it in good part, and we retired, they to muse over the odd mistakes of a future shipmate, and I to think how the devil I should keep out of scrapes in future.

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MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

Oh vaghe stelle! e voi cadrete adunque,  
E verra tempo che da voi l'Eterno  
Ritira il guardo, e tanti Soli estingua!

*Monti.*

The heavens display thy glory, Lord of life!  
And the clear firmament, as with a tongue  
That ceaseless speaks, proclaims to earth—to man—  
Thy wondrous power—the everlasting theme,  
From day to day, from night to night renewed.  
The night is deep, and ocean sleeps in calm;  
The winds are hushed, and with them hushed awhile  
The storm in human breasts.—Look on the heavens!  
Disturbed by fitful clouds, which recent winds  
Have torn and flung in fleecy whiteness there.  
I see amid the desert waste of blue,  
Bright stars, which gleam with interrupted light.  
Beautiful stars! yet, though careering now  
Triumphant through illimitable space  
With lustre unsubdued—ye fail at last!—  
The time must come, when from your glorious orbs  
The Eternal shall withdraw the kindling look  
That feeds your living fires—and all these suns,  
Extinct at once—shall perish! Thou Bootes,  
Brightest of all that walk the beamy North!  
Sunken and pale—thy golden car o'erturned,  
Shalt set in night! and Sirius, who dost shine  
In bright Orion's train!—Ye Pleiades,—  
Who on your silver path majestic rise,  
Hymning your chorus to celestial ears,  
Your melody must cease!—Thou, radiant Ship,  
Which round and round the firmament, on high  
Hung like a sea, from immemorial time  
Hast sailed,—shalt sink, in waves of darkness whelmed  
And thou, lone watcher of the ancient Pole,—  
Who through unnumbered years hast held unmoved  
Thy seat in Heaven, and marked the birth and death  
Of kindred worlds—shalt quit thy station too!  
The seaman's guide no more! All fade away!  
And I, who gaze upon your glories now,  
Desponding and afar, must I too share  
The darkness of your ruin?—No—these powers  
Though shrouded, were not given to fail with yours!  
They live—to vaster and to loftier life  
Forever swelling—when your orbs shall pass  
Unheeded to the chaos whence they sprung.

E. F. E.



THE BRIDAL EVE. By a Youth. pp. 204. Mobile. Pollard & Dade, Printers, 1833.

THE craft of criticism has, from time immemorial, been denominated ungentle; and however unwilling critics *par metier* may profess themselves to admit the propriety of the adjective, thus, as it were, dedicated expressly to them, its application is probably not very far from correct. But if the craft be ungentle, it carries its punishment in itself. There is but little joy in the way of the professed detector of faults and errors. Not to mention the wrath of authors, and the curses both loud and deep of publishers, the very business itself is any thing but delectable. To all other men, books are written for ends of amusement or profit; to him for the sole purpose of being criticised. He reads with a feverish eye, eternally on the watch for something worthy of condemnation; and beauties that give to all other readers delight, are lost to him in the intensity of his care that not a single defect shall escape his notice.

Yet there are bright spots in the dreary waste of a critic's existence; and for one such beautiful vision are we indebted to the exquisite volume, to which the reader's attention is now invited. That it is our portion to be the first to proclaim its merit, is a subject both of surprise and felicitation; we can account for it only by supposing either that the modesty of the author has prevented him from adopting the usual means for attracting the notice of the reviewers, or that the sale has been so extensive and rapid as to make his publishers careless of their assistance. But we will no longer detain the reader from the rich mental repast provided for him in our extracts and analysis.

It will be perceived that the title page announces the author as simply "a youth;" and the fact of his juvenility is several times repeated in the preface and notes. Whether the pains to make it known to the reader have resulted from fear of censure, or a laudable willingness to enhance his astonishment, we have no means of deciding; nor is the question important; we are content to avail ourselves of the fact for the latter purpose.

The scene of the story is laid in Kentucky; the time is the year 1780. The immediate *locale* is described at some length; and the description is eminently graphic and beautiful. The golden age, it appears, is, or was at the date of the tale, revived in that particular part of the Union; "the jolly lamb was seen sporting about the yard with all the gaiety and freedom of youthful innocence;" and "the reckless swain tuned his rustic reed to the gentle murmur of the babbling fountain, teaching the woods to resound with the name of his beautiful Amaryllida." The parents of the heroine are next delineated; the father, an old gentleman of great respectability, with long gray locks, and a strong propensity to shed tears upon all sorts of occasions; and the mother, an equally nice old lady, much addicted to "sending her cares up the chimney in huge puffs" of tobacco-smoke. Of the young lady herself, we cannot resist the temptation to give the author's picture at length; only taking the liberty of indicating by italics, the passages which strike us as peculiarly lovely.

"Julia, the last daughter of Charles Lauderdale, was to be married the next evening at sunset. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished. With a sweet and natural vivacity, a cheerful and elastic spirit, and an innocence unearthly, was mingled just enough of romance to make her and her lover perfectly blest; when she talked, a gentle and breathing animation lighted up all her features; and her soft blue eye flashed with fanciful delight, as she saw all around listening to her with breathless silence, and expressing with mute lips and admiring eyes, the pleasure her conversation afforded. She was lovely beyond expression. The soft glance of her benevolent eye would linger on the soul like the memory of a sweet dream—a transitory beam was a blessing; and oh! how happy the boy who had her young heart locked in his bosom. Sometimes her cheek wore the roseate hue of buoyant youth, but she was more frequently pale, and the bloom of cheerfulness was often obscured by a marble whiteness. *Loveliness is always pale.*

"Her hair was nearly black, and curled gracefully over her shoulders; sometimes she would braid it beautifully on her brow, and ornament it with roses; or perchance she would twine a wreath of cypress and jessamine, *like an innocent child of nature*, and place it over her pale forehead. This evening, *her hair was braided with silver lace.* She was arrayed in her bridal robes, and had been contemplating her lovely features in the mirror—she knew that she was beautiful."

Yet the gentle Julia, notwithstanding the additional lustre thrown round her beauties by the head-dress of silver lace, distrusted her charms.

"'The rose will fade,' she softly whispered, 'the cheek will wither; the raven locks will be turned to whiteness; the pearly hue of my teeth will depart, and my lover will cease to worship and love me.' She paused a moment to wipe away the tears that trembled and glittered on her pale cheek—but she soon resumed her cheerfulness—'no, no, the brightness of the eye will *not* fade, and it is that he has so often flattered.'"

A complimentary remark from her favorite waiting maid, a colored young lady, relieves her anxieties; and she immediately breaks out into the following simple and beautiful strain.

"'Do you think so, Mary? How does my head look? My dress, how does it set behind? Are my shoulders too bare? This necklace, Mary, how do you like it? Is my walk graceful? Oh, my shoe is so tight! I can scarcely walk! How does this buckle look? Oh, I declare you have belted me so close I can hardly breathe! My fan, Mary, bring me my fan, and let's go to the river. Oh, to-morrow! to-morrow! I wish it was to-morrow—and I wish it was not to-morrow; but I wish Russel was here.'"

The young lady and her handmaid accordingly set out for the river, passing the old gentleman on the way, with the simple query, "Dear pa, how do I look," intended, it seems, to prevent him from finding fault with "her very romantic, childish, and innocent behavior." The *ruse*, however, does not succeed; the old gentleman makes some rather unpleasant remarks on the "trappings, and flounces, and feathers," at which Julia is justly offended, and answers, "I only meant to be happy a little too soon, pa," and then trips away "all in her wedding clothes," down to the path that leads to the river.

Leaving her to the chance of such adventures as may there befall her, the author next gives a long description of master Russel Halleck, her husband that is to be; "a wild and romantic boy" of eighteen, an A. B. in the college of William and Mary, a student at law, skilful upon the flute, and brother withal to a certain "beautiful, lovely, and innocent Leonora," whose charms were second alone to those of the peerless Julia.

Having done all requisite justice to Russel and Leonora, the reader returns to Julia, who by this time has reached the bank of the river, and is sitting upon a rock, "about ten feet above the water," mending her bridal

dress, from which a part of the lace border had been ripped in the course of her tripping among the briars; it was almost dark, to be sure, but to eyes such as hers this could make no manner of difference. "Her whole thoughts were upon her lover," and therefore it is not surprising that she soon threw down the lace, and gave herself up to musing.

" 'Why wanes the hour so slowly!' she said in a soft and melodious voice that made the young pipers of the cliffs hush their caroling, as if to listen to the sweeter sound that echoed around them.

" 'Did you ax for any thing, Miss Julia?' said her sable attendant.

" 'No, Mary, no; but I wish—I wish he was here to enjoy the beauties of this scene with me. Oh Russel, Russel! do you know how fondly your little blue-eyed maiden cherishes your image? Do you know that she is sitting in the twilight of the evening, on the bank of your favorite stream, breathing your name with the voice of love?' "

To this question there is no answer; and the young lady proceeds at some length in a similar strain, "resting her chin upon her hand and sitting in musing melancholy," while Mary stares at her "with glaring eyes," very reasonably supposing her mistress to be "going crazy," having never before heard her "talk to herself so long and so eloquently."

On a sudden they perceive, dark as it is, an old man on the other side of the river, with a stick in his hand and a bundle upon his shoulder. The old man

"Gazes for a moment on the mansion that was just visible in the twilight; and he knew,

'By the smoke that so gracefully curled,  
That a cottage or mansion was near;'"

a wise conclusion to draw, considering that the mansion itself was visible. "He then sat down to meditate on his wayward fate," but, instead of meditating, drew a flute from his pocket, and played like a professor; whereat Julia was so delighted that she fell into the river, and would perhaps have been drowned but for the old man, who dashed into the stream, and "ere she had arisen from her first plunge, had caught the senseless and terrified maid in his arms;" from which it is to be inferred that the river was none of the widest. In another moment the young lady was safe in the arms of "her dear girl, Mary." By this time miss Julia begins to perceive the propriety of returning home, and invites the stranger to take up his night's lodging with her papa, to which he gladly assents; on the way they fall into conversation, in which he expresses some curiosity to know why she is equipped with such fine apparel, and she tells him plainly that the next day is to see her the bride of one whom "she loves dearly and most devotedly."

" 'And you say you love him—did you ever tell him so?' said the stranger.

" 'No,' replies Julia; 'he asked me for my heart, and I gave him my hand—it was enough—for he stole a kiss, and said I should be his bride.' "

What sweet and touching simplicity!

The pair arrive at the house; the young lady changes her wet wedding clothes, declaring "her intention of standing before the parson in one of her homespun dresses," but the old man having no others, is fain to keep on his dripping habiliments, inasmuch as nobody seems inclined to lend him a change, and at the request of miss Julia plays several airs on his flute; after which he suddenly takes off his wig, and "displays to the astonished circle

a beautiful head of black hair, and with all, a beautiful youth!" in short, the lover himself; whereat the young lady weeps, and her father weeps, and the bridegroom weeps;—but we must extract a page or two here.

" 'Why could you serve me so,' she softly whispered, as the tears flowed in a melting stream down her cheek—'why could you, say?' A tear stole to the eye of her lover as he replied, 'I told you the other day, that I would prove you to be romantic—I have done so—and now I hope you will not love me less than before, and that you will suffer me to love you more dearly than ever.'

" 'I have a mind to send you off broken-hearted—but you saved the life you unconsciously jeopardized, and I will forgive you—yes, Russel, I forgive you all.'

" 'And will you love me as dearly as you told the old gentleman you loved?'—said Russel, with the leer of one conscious of owning the affections of her he addressed.

" 'Hush—no'—she said confusedly and blushing deeply—for she had never acknowledged to Russel that she loved him, although she had given him a thousand reasons to know that he had wound her around his heart.

" 'Play me my favorite tune now.'

" 'You know it is my pleasure, Julia; what shall I play?'

" 'You know my favorite.'

" 'Oh yes; well, you shall have it, my charmer;' and then the happy youth began to play the same tune he had played in the character of a wanderer, on the bank of the river.

" She had always listened with rapture to the sweet strains of her lover's flute, but never before had her soul drank such delightful draughts of melody; and as her soft blue eyes flashed with wild and rapt fancy, her thin red lip curled with a sad and melancholy smile, half grief, half joy.

" As the youth gazed on her, the notes of his flute became dissonant—for she had a power over him—her look was his look—her anxiety his anxiety; and now as she seemed so lost in the wildness of her reverie, the tune by degrees died away, and his nerveless hand dropped with the instrument into his lap."

The old lady and gentleman discreetly retire at this juncture," dropping tears of joy" as they go. A scene of very pathetic silence ensues, varied only by several floods from the eyes of both parties, until at length,

" 'Julia,' said he fervently, as he clasped her hand—'Julia, you know the greatest desire of my soul—you love me I think—in fact I know you do—now all I ask is an open confession of that love. Say, Julia—tell me with your own sweet lips—do you love me?'

" Julia remained silent for a moment, and the impatient youth, after catching the glance of melancholy from her eye, repeated his question in a more anxious tone than before.

" 'Say, do you?' He said no more—she moved her hand slightly, but not to disengage it from his clasp—no, no. She raised her face—a sweet tear trembled on her cheek—her lips quivered with the quiver of the heart, as she whispered, 'can you doubt it? Yes, yes, I love you—and now then, take that'—and so saying she gave him a good-natured slap on the cheek, and leaped up from her chair with a wild and animated burst of vivacity.

" The young lover, bent his head upon his hand, and dropped some tears of joy; while Julia, partaking very much of his own feelings, resumed her seat, and they mingled their tears together."

It is impossible to read this affecting passage without the keenest emotions of sympathy.

The lovers continue to say sweet things to each other, until a late hour, but at length withdraw to their several chambers; but not to rest—at least not just yet; the gentleman having no fears of consumption or ague, and despising alike the discomforts of wet clothes and the night-dews, sings a song and plays several "favorite tunes" under his Julia's window, in return for which she flings him a rose; and then they betake themselves to their slumbers.

Early in the morning, young Mr. Halleck sets out for home—six miles



distant—probably to get some clean linen and dry garments; and Julia goes out for a walk “loosely robed, and with her hair hanging lower than usual on her shoulders,” and repeating “with wild enthusiasm” the following beautiful stanzas:

“ ‘Why do you mock me with your tone  
Ye little feathered thing,  
That whistles through the air alone,  
All reckless what you sing?

I’m sure that was a pretty note—  
Delightful was the strain;  
Come little piper tune your throat,  
And sing it once again.

There—there—it was the very same—  
Oh! sing it all the while—  
I wish that little bird was tame—  
Methinks it would beguile

The lagging foot of time to-day,  
And make the sun roll fast,  
And bring my lover back to say  
‘Now Jule, I’m thine at last.’”

Soon after this she encounters another old man, with a long white beard and very damaged apparel, who gives her to understand that he has slept all night on a heap of oats, near the fence, and implores her to favor him with a breakfast. At first she supposed this ragged old gentleman to be nothing more than another trick of her lover’s; but is soon convinced of his being a real Simon; yet she detects a marvellous likeness which wins her affections at once, and after weeping together awhile, she conducts him home, bids him walk in “with a mild and angelic tone,” and then goes for her father, who, not being in love, is not much addicted to early rising.

He, too, upon his entrance, suspects Master Russel, and gives the old man a scolding, supposing him all the time to be nothing more than the bridegroom disguised again; but on being convinced of his mistake, apologises in the handsomest manner, and they all go to breakfast; first, however, discovering the stranger’s name to be Halleck also.

It is somewhat surprising that no one suspects him to be the father of Master Russel, inasmuch as the said father had gone away in a rather mysterious manner, some fifteen years previous; and equally strange that the old man makes no inquiries respecting his wife and two children, here, in the very place where he had left them. But that is none of the reader’s business. He makes himself very agreeable; and on being requested to give some account of his history and adventures, pulls out of his pocket “a bundle of paper, very much worn,” and reads a poem of nearly two thousand lines, which brings forth several showers of pearly drops from the eyes of the sensitive Julia and her equally tender parent.

It is a source of regret that we can spare no room for extracts; the utmost we can do is to give a very brief summary of the story. Mr. Halleck, senior, then it appears, was several years before, a gentleman in very agreeable circumstances; the husband of a beautiful wife and father of two lovely children; but being obliged to turn out against the Indians, he left his home for the wars—was taken prisoner, carried away to the source of the Mississippi, condemned to death, and even tied to the stake, when a

beautiful Indian maid, the daughter of the chief, rushed to the pile, and by her prayers and tears prevailed on her father to spare his life. The least he could do in return was to marry his benefactress ; and for the last ten or twelve years he had lived with his captors, having been received and adopted in due form as chief of the tribe. At last, however, he had made his escape ; and at this point of his narrative he breaks off, and being somewhat fatigued, goes to lie down for an hour or two before dinner.

Julia meantime goes to her room and gets herself ready to be married ; the bridegroom and his sister arrive ; the guests all assemble ; Master Russel "conducts himself with the greatest ease and tranquillity ; the stranger is waked up, and called to attend at the nuptials ; he stares at the lover, and the lover at him—the rite proceeds—it is finished, and the parson exclaims in an audible tone :

" ' Henry Russel Halleck, I pronounce you to be'—then a wild and hollow shriek threw the whole assembly into disorder—' My boy—my child'—exclaimed the old poet as he fell on the bosom of the bridegroom—and at the same moment the youth uttered ' my father—my father ! ' "

Upon this occasion, the shedding of tears is general ; Julia and her father cry more than ever ; and then every body is happy.

In addition to the story and poem, there are some thirty pages of notes, in which the author, with a degree of candor as rare as it is creditable, has thrown together a number of extracts from Byron, Moore, Shelly, Johnson, Miss Landon, Irving, and other writers of great renown, between which and parts of his own work, there will be found, as he says, a great resemblance. We must confess however, a strong suspicion that notwithstanding this show of honesty, the youthful author's real design was rather to challenge comparison than to give credit ; knowing as he undoubtedly must, the striking superiority of his own production.

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### THE INDIAN'S DOOM.

#### I.

No sound was on the stream,  
As they launched their captive there ;  
The golden evening's tranquil beam  
Slept in the sultry air ;  
Through moveless leaves did the soft rays gleam,  
And the waves did their silence share.

#### II.

Save the distant current's moan,  
No sound those waters gave,—  
Like a moving shadow that bark went on,  
Swift o'er the sunset wave ;  
There stood at the helm a lonely one—  
It bore him to his grave.

#### III.

Welcome his doom !—Though bright  
The glory had shone of his warrior name—

For they said he had tarnished that name by flight;  
 And why should he live to shame?  
 Since no deeds of future courage might  
 Redeem the chieftain's fame.

## IV.

Firm at his post he stood,  
 As the sloping shore he past;  
 And his bark along the glassy flood  
 More smoothly shot and fast;  
 And the sun's last beams through the circling wood  
 On his fearless front were cast.

## V.

He saw the orb go down  
 For him, to endless night,—  
 On the distant mountain's woody crown  
 He watched its fading light,  
 And calmly heard the winds rush on,  
 In their awakened might.

## VI.

Across the ruffled tide  
 They came, with stirring sweep,—  
 And he saw, by the river's wooded side,  
 The crested waters leap,  
 And the wild rocks rise in rugged pride,  
 To vex the foaming deep.

## VII.

He saw the breaking billows flash,  
 With a wild and wrathful tone;  
 Yet through the torrent's ceaseless dash,  
 The victim still swept on,—  
 Still heard, more deep than thunder's crash,  
 The nearing cataract's groan.

## VIII.

Onward! while from his eye  
 Retired the unwelcome shore,  
 And louder, to the darkening sky,  
 Pealed forth that dirge-like roar,—  
 Still onward did the doomed one fly,  
 Still swifter than before!

## IX.

"I hear thine ever restless call,  
 "Proud Spirit of the deep—  
 "Rejoice! for in thy shrouding arms  
 "Thy victim hastes to sleep!—

## X.

"Aye! rear thy giant form on high,  
 "And frown in stormy might!  
 "A chieftain of undaunted eye  
 "Shrinks not to meet the sight!

## XI.

"Would that my foes could view me now,  
 "They would not scoff to say,  
 "The leader of a hundred hosts  
 "Fell not in battle fray.

## XII.

" On wide Ontario's distant shore,  
 " I've heard the war-whoop sound,  
 " I've heard the full-mouthed cannon's roar,  
 " That shook the forest round.

## XIII.

" I've felled the white man in his wrath,  
 " And not less proudly meet  
 " These waves,—a nobler foe,—and joy  
 " Their stern embrace to greet.

## XIV.

" Shades of my noble ancestors!  
 " I come to join your band!  
 " Then bid me hail!—a welcome guest  
 " To that far spirit-land!

## XV.

" These bright green hills, and woodlands, stretch  
 " In endless length away—  
 " And o'er their waving summits shines  
 " An everlasting day.

## XVI.

" There radiant flowers exult in life,  
 " And sparkling rivers foam;  
 " There blithely, o'er the verdant earth,  
 " The joyous hunters roam.

## XVII.

" I come!—I come!—sweep boldly on,  
 " Thou wild and stormy wave!—  
 " No sight my spirit welcomed e'er  
 " So proudly as my grave!—"

## XVIII.

Onward the thundering surge  
 The exulting victim bore;  
 He paused an instant on the verge—  
 He plunged to rise no more,  
 While pealed, the warriors fitting dirge,  
 The whelming water's roar.

F.

## EPIGRAM.

Echo was once a lovesick maid,  
 They say.—The tale is no deceiver!  
 Howe'er a woman's form might fade,  
 Her voice would be the last to leave her.

E.



## CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—*Troilus and Cressida*.

MIRANDA.

No wonder, Sir,  
But certainly a maid.—*Tempest*.

SHAKSPEARE has been pre-eminently styled the "Bard of Ages," has been the theme of unbounded eulogy among all sorts and conditions of men, has been the delight of the recluse in his cell, the monarch on his throne; the companion of soldiers in the tented field, the solace of the sick man in his chamber, and the seducer of the school-boy from his graver task.—Second in circulation, with reverence be it spoken, to the book of truth alone, the book of nature has gone forth to every end of the universe, and has found enthusiastic admirers, wheresoever the tongue of England has dispensed the lights of science and religion. It is not with Shakspeare, as with Chaucer, Spencer, Milton,—Men do not laud his writings to the skies, because it is a proof of taste or judgment so to do, while they permit his volumes to stand, beneath the accumulated dust of years, upon their shelves. They study his quaint expressions, in their hours of leisure,—they recite his finer passages to their attentive children, round the domestic hearth,—they find, in his elevated sentiments, a consolation under every affliction—a guide, in every emergency.

It may, then, be worth while to institute an inquiry into the causes, which have rendered Shakspeare essentially the "bard of every age and clime," which have erected him into an object of veneration, still increasing, as the period since his death increases; while all his brother poets are forgotten, or, if not forgotten, at least neglected. It is not that the subjects of his dramas are more sublime than the themes of other minstrels; it is not that his sentiments are more exalted, his wit more radiant, or his verse more eloquent. It was, that he, and he alone, was master of the secret, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Were we to be asked to lay down our opinion, as the orator of old was asked concerning eloquence, what were the three essential qualities to constitute a drama, which should at once rivet the attention and unlock the sympathies of men, our answer, founded upon his reply, would be—The first, is—character; the second,—character; and the third,—character. Without it, the most noble plot, on which the wit or wisdom of man was ever exercised, will fail in interest; the most pure morality, the most elevated patriotism, the most unflinching honor, may fill the sounding periods; yet will it all amount to nothing, save

"A tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

With character ably developed, and supported with truth and spirit, the most meagre plan will assume a degree of consequence in our eyes, unwarranted by its own importance, and even rude and inharmonious verse will meet with an apology ; for, when the soul is touched, the ear will not be hypercritical.

If character, then, be of such intrinsic, we might say indispensable value, to the dramatic writer ; it will not be, perhaps, impertinent to endeavor to point out, what it is that constitutes that, which we call character, and to illustrate our meanings, by the analysis of one of the sweetest creations that ever emanated from a poet's brain,—the tender, delicate, and unsophisticated Miranda.

It is, if we mistake not, Paley, that has built one of his strongest arguments, in favor of the truth of the gospel dispensation, upon what he terms the originality and identity of the Redeemer's character. The originality—in that it was purely new and unhacknied, differing, totally, from any pre-conceived idea of the Messiah, and therefore unlikely to have been resorted to by an impostor.—The identity—the quality with which we have now to do—in that every action, however minute, and apparently inconsequential, harmonized with the remainder, and tended to the completion of his object. This identity, then, is precisely that quality which is usually denominated character ; and, although it would be in the highest degree absurd, to imagine that any person could exhibit, throughout a life, this identity of which we speak ; it is, nevertheless, not only possible, but probable and certain, that in such portions of his life, as are usually selected for the purpose of the drama,—and therefore have reference to a single feeling, or a single action, resulting from a combination of purposes,—he should exhibit that unity of feeling, temper, or passion, which would suit him for the performance of his part, in the apprehension of an audience.

This appearance of unity, or identity, is not most frequently or most perfectly given by a constant adherence to the same line of thought, by a continual harping on the same string ; but by a number of slight, but accurate touches, elicited perhaps from the speaker, as it were unawares, and exposing the inward train of his sentiments, by means of a sudden surprise, or unintended confession, which he would, to the utmost of his abilities, have concealed from all observers.

Another great point is the adapting the sentiments of persons to the peculiar circumstances, in which they are placed, or under which they have been educated, which might be termed fortuitous character ; while that which emanates from peculiarities of birth, language, or the age, might not improperly be distinguished as national identity, inasmuch as two Moors, Greeks, Frenchmen, &c., will bear more affinity to each other than to any other individuals of different countries.

It is our purpose, hereafter to devote an occasional article, to the consideration of the wonderful knowledge of the human heart, which Shakspeare has exhibited, under almost every variety of accident to which it is liable, and of the exquisite skill with which he has brought forward, as it were accidentally, those touches of nature, which, if his personages are represented by actors of any talent, lead us almost to doubt whether it be acting or nature that we behold.

We have selected the character of Miranda, from the *Tempest*, for more reasons than one; firstly, that she is an especial favorite of our own; secondly, that although a personage with but little to execute on the stage, that little is so admirably suited to her, that we could hardly have chosen a subject better calculated to display the tact and taste of our author; and thirdly, that as being the most interesting character in the first, and, as many believe, earliest play of the great playwright, she is entitled to the earliest consideration.

In this place we would state, that, as persons may wish to compare the original with our observations, we shall use solely in our notices of the characters of Shakspeare, the beautiful edition of Mr. Dearborn, as possessing, besides many other excellencies, the most correct text of any equally compendious copy.

The character of Miranda, as we have before stated, is one of unusual brevity; her whole part being contained in three scenes,—the first, wherein she learns her own history from her father Prospero; her acquaintance and sudden inclination towards Ferdinand; and that, wherein she confesses her affection, and voluntarily tenders him her hand.

Before going into particulars, we must look to the events which had combined to render Miranda what she is here represented, and then we shall at once perceive the admirable judgment, with which the poet has assigned to Miranda, passions, sentiments, and conduct, which, although maidenly and and chaste in her, would have been forward, immodest, and unfeminine in one differently nurtured.

Miranda, we must remember, is a child of sorrow, and, therefore, pitiful towards the mishaps of others—for there is no teacher of mercy so powerful as the experience of misfortune:—A child of nature, therefore liable to sudden emotions of the mind,—savages being ever easily excited, and Miranda, though educated, accomplished, and most refined, may in some respects be likened to a savage;—a child, brought up beneath the nurture of a doating parent, and therefore unused to concealment, and incapable of the knowledge, that want of that concealment is deemed, by the corrupt and suspicious world, a want of modesty.

She has been precluded by her isolated situation, from any knowledge of the external world, with all its frauds, temptations, sins, and sorrows, and therefore, feeling no cause for doubt, is wholly unsuspecting of others.—She has never seen a man excepting her venerable father,—long past, as we may well suppose, the meridian of life, and already destitute of manly beauty,—and the monster Caliban, better calculated to inspire disgust than love or admiration,—and is, therefore, prepared as it were beforehand, to be enamored of the first man she may behold.

Her noble birth, of which she has some faint and floating recollections, has imbued her with noble sentiments; for Shakspeare was an implicit believer of the transmission of hereditary virtues; and with an intuitive veneration for, and knowledge of nobility. She loves at first sight herself, and, judging of the sentiments of Ferdinand, from those which she herself experiences, supposes him to be no less captivated; his gentleness, courtesy, and delicate attentions,—matters, to him, of custom and of every day oc-

currence,—strike her untutored mind as something novel, and betokening his love ; and she delivers herself up at once to the delicious conviction that she is mutually beloved. Nor does this new sensation come singly over her ; another, the offspring of the former, follows fast upon its track. Before she loved, she was at once careless and conscious, as what girl is not, of her own attractions ; but, with affection for another, comes a fear that those attractions may be insufficient to please that other ; the fear becomes insupportable ; the sense of her own unworthiness to aspire to such a mate, becomes overpowering ;—and, having already suffered her artless admiration for her new companion to escape her, she owns her love, confesses herself unworthy, and, at the same time discarding what of course appears to her false modesty, tenders herself to the object of her newly-acquired affections.

We will look more closely into this. Her first appearance on the scene, is in the midst of a tremendous tempest, raised by her father's magic lore, and immediately after viewing the destruction of a noble vessel. Her sympathies are excited by the fearful sight, which she has witnessed ; and she hurries in, to entreat her father—the most powerful being within the scope of her knowledge—to interpose his art, to snatch

“ the brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in it,”

from the jaws of destruction. Not that she had seen any creature in it, or had any ascertained measure by which she could judge of excellence, but as the aborigines of our own hemisphere at once acknowledged the barks of Columbus to be heavenly things, so she knew, as it were intuitively, that “ so brave a vessel” must have owed its bravery to the art of some “ noble creature.”

Here we behold at once, her pity and her wild artlessness. Prospero takes the opportunity of her awakened sentiments of pity, to narrate to her the history of his own and her adventures. Wonder at the baseness of the brother, mingles with pity for the sorrows of her father—

“ Alack ! what trouble  
Was I then to you !”

And again, at the recital of the mercy and fidelity of Gonzalo, her whole soul expands in fervent gratitude—

“ ‘ Would I might  
But ever see that man.”

What more do we want than this simple exclamation, to tell us that she would have tended that man with a daughter's love—that she would have consoled his sorrows, sympathized with his joys, defended him in danger, lived, died, for him ? In the next scene she beholds Ferdinand, and naturally—for she has never seen a specimen of humanity such as this before—she exclaims,

“ What is 't ? a spirit—  
Lord ! how it looks about ! Believe me, Sir,  
It carries a brave form ! But 'tis a spirit.”

With spiritual forms she has long held some communication ; she has beheld them obedient to the potent spells of her parent ; she knows them fairer



and stronger than any thing else of which she has experience ; and though she can perceive some slight distinction, it is not sufficient to convince her that this also is not a spirit. She is told that it is a mortal like herself, nay, that its beauty is not now at its zenith, being tarnished by grief—and what is her reply ?

“ I might call him  
A thing divine ; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.”

Her father, well aware that love which is born in sorrow is ever the most true and lasting, affects to cross their mutual wishes, and feigns displeasure, against her lover : she admires his extraordinary valor at presuming to resist her father, before whom she has seen even spirits tremble, and she goes forth in an agony of tenderness and pity—for pity is a step towards love. When next we find them together, Ferdinand is tasked beyond his strength, and Miranda fruitlessly entreats him to suffer her to bear his burden ; his denial increases her admiration, and when Ferdinand—perhaps rendered more susceptible than his wont by meeting so lovely and so pitiful a being in a spot which he had deemed the habitation of devils—compliments her beauty, and professes his affection, she naturally answers,

“ I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman’s face remember,  
Save from my glass mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, save you, good friend,  
And my dear father ; how features are abroad  
I am skillless of ; but by my modesty  
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you ;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Beside yourself, to like of.”

Here is the inexperience which causes her to love ; the innocence which prevents her knowledge of the impropriety of avowing that love ; and the extreme force of passion in her excitable and unsophisticated bosom, which renders concealment irksome, if not impossible. Ferdinand’s reply is an avowal of his own rank—which, by the way, adds nothing to her estimation of him, for the poor girl knows no distinction between prince and peasant—and a fervent avowal of his passion : and here, if it were not to the character of Miranda alone that we have confined ourselves, we could point out the vast attractions which so fresh and innocent a being as Miranda must have presented to one used to the hacknied artifices of court-bred dames ; but such is not our object. Miranda’s first impulse, on hearing this, is perhaps delight, but delight so closely allied to wonder, that she cries out—

“ Do you love me ?”

Not that she doubts his words, but that the sense of her own inferiority to so admirable a creature as Ferdinand, makes her deem it impossible, that one so far above her own humility could condescend to love. His answer plunges her into sensations of joy, so strange, so new, so unlike any thing that she had ever previously conceived, that she knows not the source or meaning of her own sensations. Her pleasures have, heretofore, been mild, serene, and soft ; her delight now is palpitating, turbulent, tearful. Volumes of dissertation could not have told us so much of the innocent Miranda’s character as the little phrase,

"I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of."

Nay, further, when her lover asks her,

"Wherefore weep you?"

Still ignorant of the true cause of these mysterious tears, and perhaps unwilling to confess that she is ignorant, she feigns a reason deceiving not him, but herself, and assigning a cause which, though not genuine, is still intimately coupled with the truth, and concludes this lovely exposition of her character by bestowing herself wholly upon the heir of her father's dukedom.

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take,  
What I shall die to want; but this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, Ill die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no."

What can be more perfectly beautiful, more entirely true to nature?—love not conquering, because not opposed to, modesty,—innocence, passion, want of experience, mingled with native wit, intuitive wisdom—artlessness, how infinitely superior to the most rich accomplishments. Short, simple, and seemingly trivial as it is, we are acquainted with no part—in the whole range of varied aspects, under which the mighty master has offered human nature to our view—in which the power of character is so distinctly exemplified in the creation of interest, as in that of *Miranda*. It owes little to novelty, less to language, least of all to probability, but every thing to that identity of character, that keeping in the most minute details, which, as we have said before, will never cease to fascinate beyond all other qualities of the drama, and which, united to a well-constructed plot and to harmonious measure, is one of the rarest gifts, and which most surely elevates its possessor to an immortality of renown.

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## A TALE OF AN OMNIBUS.

OMNIBUS incutiens blandum per pectora amorem—Luc. 1. 20.

*An Omnibus* inspiring sweet love into his bosom.....Ed.

It was about four o'clock, in the afternoon of a very wet, warm, and blue-devilish day, in the summer of 1832, that a young gentleman, indebted to nature, for a person by no means frightful to look upon,—to fortune, for a large sufficiency of the goods of this world,—and to his father, for the romantic appellation of John Atherton Hastings, mounted the unstable steps of an omnibus, at the corner of Pine Street and Broadway. The vehicle

was without a tenant ; all such of my readers, therefore, as are conversant with the ways of those modern helps to pedestrians, will at once conceive that its progress was none of the most speedy ; and that time is allowed, to say a few words of the individual who has just taken possession.

He was by birth a Virginian ; rich, as has been hinted ; just emancipated from college and his minority ; modest to an excess—indeed the development of this quality in his organization, might be called bashfulness ; strangely addicted to blushing ; not loquacious at any time, but in the presence of females, especially young ones, not much more talkative than an oyster ; and, to conclude, very apt to be flurried by sudden and unexpected occurrences. He had arrived in New York but two or three days previous, with the intent to enlarge his mind by an assiduous observation of matters and things in general, as they appear in that great metropolis ; and especially of the theatres, opera, fashions, Broadway, and the city hotel, where he had established his quarters.

Taking the stops and the slow pace into consideration, the omnibus may be fairly supposed by this time to have reached Maiden Lane ; and John Atherton Hastings was fast sinking into a reverie of no particular character, when his thoughts were suddenly turned in a new direction, by an abrupt halt, and the opening of the door ; humiliating reflection, that such a commonplace incident should have power over the workings of man's lofty intellect ! But we won't enlarge upon that just now. The door opened, as has been mentioned ; and the young Virginian's incipient speculations as to the idiosyncracies of the new comer, were cut short by the apparition of a bundle of female habiliments, at the top of which was a close calash of green silk, with a thick veil hanging from it in front, and, at the other extremity, at least one very neat little foot ; a fact of which the disclosure was unavoidably made, in the process of stepping into the vehicle. John Atherton Hastings was on the point of undergoing a *tete-a-tete* with a woman, shut up in a moving apartment of five feet by eleven.

The door was shut with a bang ; the figure advanced and seated itself opposite the young southron ; the horses moved on ; and his face assumed the color of England's meteor banner ; the veil worn by the stranger was thick enough to defy his gaze, if he had ventured to look, which he did not ; but he felt in his inmost soul that eyes of some sort or other, were fixed on his blushing countenance.

The embarrassment was, perhaps, mutual for a time ; but that of the lady soon passed away, if such was the case ; his alarm probably gave her an equal degree of courage ; there was a slight motion under the huge cloak that enveloped her form ; then, an exceedingly white small hand, peeped from beneath its folds ; and, in another moment, the hand was raised, the veil twitched aside, and a young, lovely, and laughing face, shone out like the silver moon from under a cloud, of which the most remarkable features were two large, black, mischievous eyes, and a small red mouth, which rivalled them in the playful malice of its expression. John Atherton Hastings looked up ; blushed deeper than ever ; and, for a moment, wished himself safe in his college once more, poring over a volume of Euclid, or, (which is much less readable,) one of Don Telesforo Trueba's novels.

Silence remained unbroken, for several minutes ; his alarm began to subside, at finding himself not only unhurt, but not likely to come to any very desperate harm ; and, after two or three efforts, he succeeded in raising his eyes once more. Those of his pretty companion were now cast down, but he felt certain that such was not the case a moment before ; the sweet little mouth seemed ready to melt into a smile, and the aspect of things in general was so encouraging, that he ventured to utter, "Allow me," and to take from the other white hand, (which, by this time, had also emerged from its hiding place,) a small silk umbrella, dripping with moisture. The courtesy was repaid with a slight bow, a glance from the bright black eyes, which now seemed much less formidable in their expression, and a barely perceptible severing of the pretty red lips, which he was content to receive as equivalent to a "Thank you." John Atherton Hastings began to suspect that an Omnibus might be as pleasant a place as a small, uncarpeted, fourth story room in a college.

His second attempt was, of course, an observation upon the weather ; and this called up a decided smile, and an audible "Very unpleasant, indeed, sir." The collegian thought conversation a dreadfully awkward affair to manage, and silence resumed its sway ; the lady perceived the necessity of making a demonstration, knowing that where people have nothing to say, every moment increases the difficulty ; and a small, prettily-bound volume made its appearance ; it was one of the annuals, and, luckily, one too that Hastings had never seen ; his courage revived, and a remark was hazarded, which happily met with favor, and a responsible\* answer ; a delicate finger was gently insinuated among the leaves, and the youth, taking this for an overture, put away the umbrella, reached forth his hand, and possessed himself of the volume.

Matters are now in excellent train, and the reader will have the goodness to manage the rest of the interview to his own liking. It is enough to say, that, all things considered, the parties made themselves very agreeable ; that any third person, coming in at this juncture, would have taken them for acquaintances of several weeks' standing ; that smiles had grown into fair samples of laughter ; and that when the vehicle stopped, far up in Broadway, the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance, in whom the lady appeared to recognize a father, or uncle, or some sort of protector, resumed her umbrella and got out, John Atherton Hastings did not know which to confound most heartily,—the omnibus for stopping at all, or his own stupidity in not ascertaining the name and residence of his charming companion.

He was once more alone, and his thoughts were exceedingly pleasant ; he had indeed taken no steps to secure a renewal of the acquaintance ; but he hoped to accomplish that very desirable end, somehow or other, and he felt proud and happy in going over again the incidents of the ride, in which he had acquitted himself with so much heroism and gallantry. John Atherton Hastings firmly resolved never again to be in the least afraid of a woman.

A few moments more brought him to his own place of destination ; the machine stopped, and he rose to get out ; as he did so, his eye was caught

\* Responsible ; that which may be replied to.....*Entick*.



by a glittering object, lying amidst the straw that in rainy weather serves as a carpet in those travelling houses; he picked it up, and found that it was a very small, handsome pocket-book, with a polished steel clasp; of course it belonged to the lovely and lively stranger, and would, no doubt, prove a means of discovering who she was. With a thrill of delight, he placed it beside his own, in the pocket of his surtout, and went on his way rejoicing, and full of gratitude to the Omnibus.

It is painful to have to say, that his expectations were not fully realized; he found, indeed, a name—and a very pretty one, too—written within the treasure, and also a lock of beautiful dark hair, enclosed in a small gold frame, with a glass, attached to the inside of one of its covers; he learned, indeed, that the book was the property of a certain Catherine Somerville, but all his researches were fruitless in ascertaining the residence, or even the very existence of any such personage. For weeks, and indeed months, he employed himself in the search, but to no purpose; Longworth's Directory gave him no clue to the incognita; and of the four or five hundred persons whom he teased with inquiries, not one could give him any intelligence of a Mr. Somerville, likely to have a daughter, and such a daughter as his own lost and lamented Catherine.

He might, indeed, have advertised the pocket-book in the papers; but this measure either did not occur to him, or, if it did, he cared not to resort to it; perhaps he had no great inclination to give up his treasure without securing an interview with the fair proprietor, and feared that an advertisement would only bring forward some brother, or father, whose thanks he should consider by no means a fair equivalent. Be that as it may, advertise he did not; and his hopes grew every day fainter and fainter.

It was about three months after the date of that memorable encounter, that circumstances, or, to speak more correctly, another heavy shower of rain, induced him to enter an omnibus once again. This time the huge conveyance was full at his entrance; that is, full in the opinion of all the passengers; the driver practically announced his conviction that it would hold five or six more, by taking in all that offered. Our friend soon found himself very unpleasantly situated, between a stout gentleman, whose thoroughly soaked great-coat imparted to the collegian's garments and person, more wet than warmth, and another gentleman, not at all stout, whose sharp elbow made an extremely unpleasant impression upon his ribs. In fact, before he had ridden a hundred yards, John Atherton Hastings had heaped on the omnibus nearly as many curses, and was now on the point of concluding to give up his place, and "bide the pitiless pelting" without, when his ear was suddenly struck by the sound of the name with which his feelings and hopes were so closely mingled. Catherine Somerville was decidedly mentioned by one of two dashing-looking young men who had come in within a few minutes. Our young friend concluded to stay where he was, for the present.

At length there was a ring of the bell, and the omnibus stopped; several got out, and among them, he who had spoken that word of power. Our Virginian did the same, accidentally revenging himself, in his haste, on his sharp-elbowed neighbor, by planting the heel of his boot precisely upon the

most sensitive corn in that person's possession ; without stopping, however, to offer any apology, he descended the steps and pursued the young stranger on whom his hopes were just at this time suspended. Bashfulness was forgotten in his anxiety, and he boldly addressed, without blushing, a person he never had seen before.

"I must beg your forgiveness, sir, for the liberty I am taking, but you mentioned the name of—of—a person—a lady—whom it is important for me to see. I have been seeking her for several months, but in vain. You would impose upon me the most lasting obligation, by favoring me with the address of that lady—of Miss Somerville." The stranger appeared a good deal surprised, a little suspicious, and somewhat affronted, and it was evident that his first impulse was to give a cool and rather uncivil reply ; but he was a good-natured fellow, and when he took time to reflect on the agitation, the earnestness, and, above all, the extremely genteel look of the person who thus addressed him, his heart relented ; and after a little parley, he consented to tell our Virginian all he knew, which, in truth, was but very little. His acquaintance with Miss Somerville was exceedingly slight, he said ; she was from Boston, and now on a visit to one of her friends in New York ; the address of that friend he gave, and then John Atherton Hastings, with many thanks, made his bow and wended his way, with his faith in the virtue and excellence of the omnibus more firmly established than ever.

In the evening he knocked at the door of the house which contained his now discovered incognita ; his agitation was absolutely oppressive, and the rat-tat-too of the knocker was scarcely louder than that kept up by his heart. A servant appeared ; "Miss Somerville?" "not at home." Here was a disappointment. "When would he be certain to find her within?" "She was to leave town the next day at four o'clock ; would probably be at home all the morning." Mr. Hastings left his card, and would call at eleven ; and then he went to the theatre, not to enjoy the play, but simply because he knew not what else to do with himself.

The City Hall clock struck eleven the next morning, as our Virginian once more lifted the knocker at number --- in Broadway ; Miss Somerville was at home, in the drawing room, and alone. The servant ushered him to the door of the apartment, threw it open, and announced "Mr. Hastings." The lady was standing at the window, performing some nameless and delicate duty to several rare exotics, whose fragrance perfumed the air ; the young man rushed forward—his movement was too quick and abrupt to say he advanced—exclaiming, "How delighted I am to find you at last," when she turned and presented to his bewildered gaze a very beautiful set of features indeed, but not at all those of his lovely unknown ! He stood as if rooted to the floor ; blundered out some vague attempt at an apology ; and wished himself and the omnibus in the very interior of Caffraria. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss—Madam—I am sure—I—that is, I thought—I wished to see Miss Catherine Somerville." "You do see Miss Catherine Somerville," answered the lady. John Atherton Hastings began to blush, and look like a fool ; and then, not knowing what better to do, made several bows, and retreated with all possible haste, repeating his efforts to utter something at least in the shape of explanation. By the time he had reached

the door, he was not very distinctly advised whether his hand or his foot was the proper instrument wherewith to open it; succeeded, however, in turning the handle, and rushed out like a madman, overturning in his precipitate flight the footman, who just then was coming in with a salver loaded with costly glasses, decanters, and goblets, of which, in another moment, not one was smashed into less than seven distinct fragments. How he got out of the house, our Virginian never precisely knew; but out he did get, somehow or other, and hurrying to his hotel, shut himself up in his own room, and enacted the part of a lunatic for the rest of the day.

Time will wear out the deepest griefs; at any rate, it wore out the mortification and rage of the collegian. In the spring of the next year, he was again in New York, and again (so the fates willed) took a seat one day in an omnibus. There were three or four passengers; and his ride, altogether, was pleasant enough. He got out at the corner of Broome street, and the first man he met, full in the face, as he stepped from the vehicle, was one of his class-mates at college. "Hastings!" exclaimed one, and "Walters," the other. "Why, Jack, where have you come from," said Walters; and "Walters, my dear fellow, what the deuce brings you to New York?" answered Hastings; and then, by way of obtaining satisfactory answers to these and several other mutual queries, the young men linked arms, and betook themselves to a stroll. The conversation that then ensued is in no way likely to prove instructive or entertaining to readers in general, save and except one small piece of information elicited by our hero; to wit, that Richard Walters was now on his way to Boston, with his sister, and a young lady who had been staying for more than three months at his father's house in Virginia, on a visit to the sister aforesaid; the object of the present journey being a return of that visit by one of equal duration, on the part of Miss Walters, to her friend and late guest, Miss Catherine Somerville. The reader may fancy the sudden effect of this bit of intelligence, on the susceptible heart of John Atherton. The result was, that in less than ten minutes he had told all his perplexities to his friend, and both were striding, as fast as their legs could transport them, in the way that led to the house where the glasses had suffered from Hastings' impetuosity, and at which Miss Somerville and her friend Miss Walters were staying during their brief residence in New York.

Walters had heard, from Miss Somerville, of the strange caper played off by his present companion; but that young lady, with very commendable delicacy, had always refused to mention the name of her eccentric visitor, and he therefore knew nothing of Atherton's agency in the matter; touching the pocket-book he could give no explanation.

But if he could not, Miss Somerville could; and she did too. It was undoubtedly her chattel; the gift of a very dear brother, an officer in the navy, and just at this time on service in the Mediterranean. It was his hair that the locket contained; and the young lady with large black eyes and the mischievous mouth was her, Catherine Somerville's, cousin. At the time of the adventure which formed the opening scene of this drama of misadventures, the said cousin, Harriet Evertson, was about departing for Charleston, where she resided; the eventful ride in the omnibus was one of her wild frolics; the abstraction of the pocket-book was partly another, and

partly the result of a certain supposed secret affection, cherished, in spite of her teeth, by Miss Harriet Evertson, for the young sailor whose hair it contained; her design was to take out the glossy ringlet, have another inserted, and then restore the book to its rightful owner; but this design was frustrated, as has been seen, by its loss in the omnibus; and the time of her departure was too near at hand to admit of any steps for its recovery.

Such was the account given by Miss Catherine Somerville, partly from facts that had recently come to her knowledge, and partly conjectural. There is nothing more to be told, save that our Virginian, having nothing especial to keep himself and his horses in New York, accompanied his friend and the two ladies to Boston; that in process of time there was a wedding; and that both John Atherton Hastings and his pretty wife Catherine, very often exclaim, with a smile that does not betoken much of unhappiness, "one may do a worse thing sometimes, than take a ride in an Omnibus."

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CHORUS.

*Imitated from the Agamemnon of Æschylus, 384.*

Unblushing, unveiled, in the eye of the morn,  
From her soft-curtained chamber the beauty was borne,  
And sailed on the wings of the earth-sweeping west,  
In rapture reclined on her young hero's breast.

II.

But many the shield-bearing hunters who traced  
The fugitive fair—though the sea had erased  
From its deep-rolling bosom the track of their oars  
To Simois, verdant with wood-crested shores.

III.

And the justice of Heaven has remembered the crime  
Of the bride and her lover, which, tardy in time  
But in anger determined, deep vengeance hath taken  
For the festal board wronged, and the husband forsaken.

IV.

As a lioness,—mild in the spring-time of life,  
All sportive, and gentle, and careless of strife,  
Bred up like a dog on the hearth of her lord,  
Beloved by the old, by the children adored—

V.

With her face brightening up at her nourisher's call,  
And fawning for food in his bountiful hall,—  
Who hath shortly by slaughter and bloodshed repaid  
The friends of her youth, and her nature displayed—

VI.

So she seemed a spirit of breathless delight,  
Of rapture and bliss, in the fond Phrygian's sight,—  
With her soul-piercing glances, and murmurs of love,—  
Oh, how could such beauty so ruinous prove!

VII.

For she who in peace and in gentleness came  
Was a fury avenging with slaughter and flame;  
And the youth who had slumbered in trust by her side  
Was betrayed to the foe by his beautiful bride.

H.



## THE REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD MAN.

The course of true love never did run smooth.  
SHAKSPEARE.

IN September, 17\*\*, being on my way to spend some months on the continent, I stopped at the seaport town of G\*\*\*\*, to spend a few days with a friend whom I had not seen for several years ; on the evening of the day previous to that, on which I intended to continue my journey, we walked down to the beach. The day had been unusually fine and calm, and the ocean lay before us like a vast mirror, with scarcely a ripple on its green bosom ; so that no one, who then beheld it, could have thought it possible that a few hours would see its now tranquil waves, lashing the shore with ungoverned fury, and threatening to engulf in their fathomless abysses, the noble vessels, which then glided smoothly along its peaceful surface.

The beach was crowded with spectators ; for a ship was expected to come into the harbor, which had sailed from thence about three years before, and every one was anxious to be there, to greet the first appearance of some loved one ; husband, parent, child, or lover ! Amongst the groups, that which most attracted my attention was composed of two females, who stood a little apart from the others ; one of them was a girl, apparently in her nineteenth or twentieth year. She was below the middle stature, but her figure was slight and beautifully proportioned ; and her white drapery, when lifted by the gentle breeze, displayed a foot and ankle, which a sculptor might have chosen for his model. Her features were not regularly beautiful, yet was her face one of the most attractive I have ever beheld.—Large, soft, hazel eyes, with long black lashes and arching brows, the shape of the face inclining to round, a profusion of dark hair, and a complexion of great brilliancy, but which varied every moment, as she stood gazing wistfully across the waters, deceitful hope shedding her enraptured expression over every feature ! Such is the picture memory brings before me at this moment, as I then saw her. She was accompanied by an elderly woman, whose dress bespoke her an attendant. I learnt, from my friend, that the young lady was the daughter of Colonel Ashbourne, who had fallen, with many of his gallant comrades, in fighting his country's battles ; and she was living with her widowed mother, whose health had always been delicate and failing, in a small house, which he pointed out to me, a little further up on the beach, and away from the noise and bustle of the port. Emily Ashbourne was older than I had imagined ; she was in her twenty-second year, and had been for some time deeply attached, and betrothed with the consent of her surviving parent, to a young officer in the Navy, who after performing many gallant actions, and steadily adhering to his duty, was this day expected to return, in the ship whose arrival we were awaiting, in the reasonable hope of obtaining promotion ; and under the promise of receiving the hand of Emily, given by Mrs. Ashbourne, when on Arthur Bouverie's last sailing, she had resisted his entreaties to be united

to her before his departure. During the three years of Arthur's absence, as regular a correspondence had been kept up between him and his betrothed, as the uncertainty of winds and waves would permit; and Emily had lived in great retirement with her mother, notwithstanding which, she had had many advantageous, and even distinguished opportunities, of settling in marriage; but she had rejected them all; and her firm and unshaken constancy was now about to be rewarded!—I looked upon this young creature, whose bright visions were painted on her glowing countenance, with a deep feeling of interest, and put up a silent prayer that they might not be disappointed, but realized, even as she wished them to be.

The sun had gone down about an hour, and twilight was beginning to settle on the face of nature. No distant glimpse of the *Ariadne* had been obtained, yet every one lingered on the beach, unwilling to give up their hopes of her arrival. In the last half-hour, there had been a slight change in the elements, which, to an experienced eye, denoted an uneasy night upon the deep.—The air had become dull and oppressive, and, at intervals of six or seven minutes, there came a low moaning blast across the waters, from the west, where the clouds were gathering thickly, of a dark leaden color; and, at these moments, there was a heavy swell apparent on the ocean, as if it were answering to the murmuring call of the winds. The mariners who had been scattered amongst the spectators, were seen collecting into a knot; now pointing towards the west, and now endeavoring to get a sight of the vessel, whilst any light remained, but in vain. These appearances, though their danger was not fully known, were not lost upon the anxious watchers; and many a heartfelt ejaculation might be heard from amongst the females, and I observed that the beams of hope were already darkening on Emily's countenance. There had been some minutes of deep silence; every one had retired within himself, to wish and to pray.—The gusts had become more frequent in succession, when suddenly the dark clouds in the west appeared to be rent open, and the red, forked, lightning burst from them, as if shooting into the recesses of the deep, followed immediately by an awful clap of thunder, which shook the earth to its very foundation. This seemed to be the signal for the unloosing of the elements—the blast rushed over us, with appalling violence—again the thunder roared into our inmost souls—the dark clouds were whirled through the skies, which now gleamed with a wild unnatural light; as if to prove to us that the turmoil of nature was universal, shewing us the sea running mountains high, the breakers roaring and lashing, as if goading each other not to be outdone in the mighty strife between the winds and the waters! The terrified women ran here and there, and many returned to their houses; but none in G\*\*\*\*, closed an eye in sleep that night. The men remained, consulting, doubting, and wondering.—Boats were held in readiness,—every moment was expected to bring signals of danger and distress; for it was imagined that the *Ariadne* could not be far distant, as the wind had been fair, ever since the day on which she was to have sailed from the last port where they had touched; and her arrival had been expected for two days, according to the ordinary calculations; and, it was therefore greatly to be feared, that she might perish in this tremendous storm, amongst the hidden rocks and shoals, with which the coast abounds. The darkness was

universal, and it was past midnight, when a gun was heard, faintly booming through the roaring of the winds. It was rapidly followed by another and another; immediately a great shout arose from the shore, as if in the vain attempt to convey the intelligence to the sufferers, that assistance was at hand.—Lights were kindled and placed on high; two or three boats were instantly put out, in the hope of being at least able to save human life! but it was otherwise decreed. The wisdom of the Eternal God thought fit that all should be lost in that eventful night! None of the boats could reach the fated vessel; two were obliged to put back, after numerous and fruitless efforts, in which they only endangered their own safety, and attained no nearer to their object; and the third was upset, and its crew with great difficulty saved by the others, and brought back to shore.

Now, indeed, was the time to call upon God's mercy for "those who go down to the sea in ships, and see the wonders of the Lord on the great waters."—Human aid was totally unavailing; we had done all that the hand of impotent man could do! The wail of women rose upon the gale, and there was one who urged the men again and again to make *one* more effort, as they would themselves hope for mercy in the hour of extreme peril. My heart knew that it was Emily Ashbourne—the appeal was irresistible; the effort was made, but like the former, it was ineffectual.

Thrice again was the signal of distress heard, and then the raging hurricane was left in undisturbed possession of the world of sound; then came to the minds of all who were there assembled, the sad conviction, that a ship had perished; and though there were not wanting voices from amongst the crowd, to call out that there was no more reason to fear that it was the *Ariadne* than any other vessel; yet the words of consolation entered not into the hearts of those, who had relatives and beloved objects in her; and indeed, in my own mind, the conviction was strong, that the ship which we had so fruitlessly endeavoured to succour, was the *Ariadne*. All felt that the blow was stricken; the arrow had gone forth from the bow; and they mostly retired to their several homes; some to vent their grief in loud and clamorous lamentations, and others to weep over God's inscrutable decrees, to pray, to sorrow, and to be still! There was, however, one, who in that dreadful night remained exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, rather than leave the shore, whilst a shadow of hope remained. Poor Emily! I had persuaded her,—for hours like those need no introduction,—to seek the shelter afforded by some old broken boats, which had been turned on end, so as to form a temporary refuge from the storm; and here, wetted through and through, by the spray and foam which dashed over the beach, did she remain till day, in a state of mind, which none but those who have endured hour after hour of torturing suspense, can imagine! Towards morning, the wind abated a little, so that two boats put off again in the direction, from whence the signals had been heard; and I myself, filled with anxiety for the fate of so many of my fellow creatures, went out in one of them. What we found, was sufficient to confirm our worst apprehensions; floating spars, broken cables, and alas! alas! a plank, on which "*Ariadne*" was distinctly legible! No other evidence could be obtained; but that was indeed conclusive. Not a human being was to be seen; not an appearance



of what had been, but last evening, a stately ship ; except in the scattered and broken timbers. She had indeed gone down, and, as far as could be discerned, every individual had perished ; there was not one left to tell the tale ! I was deeply affected ; and, when I remembered my prayer of the previous day, for Emily Ashbourne, and thought of the mutability of all earthly happiness, my spirit sunk, and I wept outright ; but, I said to myself, it is good for us to feel affliction ; and I returned, to break the grievous intelligence to those on shore, and to the young mourner ; but it was needless. When I reached the place where I had left her, she was gone ; and I heard that she knew the worst ! Very soon after we had set forth, the sea had begun to give up its dead ; several chests, with the name of the *Ariadne* on them, and the body of a sailor, tightly lashed to a plank, had been cast on shore :—what more was wanting ? Nothing !

I learnt, that at first, reason seemed to have fled from her throne in the bereaved maiden ; but this had soon subsided into the calm of total hopelessness, and they had led her home ; to the home where, so short a time before, she had thought to have received the beloved of her soul, Arthur Bouverie—and now where was he ? Deep down in the raging ocean, buried with all his virtues, his warm affections, his youth, his manly beauty ! never, never again to gladden her living sight ! The tie which had appeared about to be so closely knit, was for ever broken—not slowly and gradually untwisted, but in one moment thus suddenly and awfully riven asunder ; and in the sullenness of despair she yielded herself up to the fullness of her misery. The whole of that day and the next I remained at G\*\*\*\*, endeavoring to collect any information I could respecting the lost ship, and from the quarter in which the *Ariadne* had last been seen, and from no traces of her having been since perceived, there could remain no doubts as to her destruction. Then, as my further stay could be of no service to any one, I set forward on my journey, the third morning after the fatal catastrophe, leaving G\*\*\*\* with a far heavier heart than I had entered it.

It had been my original intention to have remained only a few months on the continent, but the affairs, for the arrangement of which I had gone thither, detained me very much longer than I had expected ; so that it was nearly two years before I returned to England ; and as the event which had befallen at G\*\*\*\* while I was there, had never faded from my recollection, I determined to take it in my way homewards.

The day on which I re-entered G\*\*\*\* was the ninth of May, and every thing around me seemed to breathe the joyousness of the season ; the sun was shining brightly over the fields in their lovely spring verdure ; and, as I drove into the town, it struck me that some occurrence of unusual gayety or importance was taking place ; the church bells were ringing a merry peal, and numerous people in their best attire were moving through the streets, and all appeared to be flocking towards the church. As I came near to that building, I perceived several carriages standing, and a crowd of people gathered round the entrance ; as if all were striving to obtain a view of those who, I concluded, were within ; and as I was only a few yards from the inn, my present destination—for my friend had left G\*\*\*\* immediately after my visit—I got out of my carriage, and ordering it to proceed, walked down to the church, resolved to get a peep at the happy couple, for



I was sure it was a wedding that was going on. As I came up to the crowd I inquired from a young woman, what the occasion was, which had called them all together; and, though many years have rolled over my head since that day, and many strange scenes passed before my eyes; though I was then a young man, and now years and care have blanched my hair and furrowed my cheek, I have not yet forgotten the shock which I felt on receiving her answer—"It is Lord Eversham, who is being married to Miss Ashbourne, sir, and we are waiting to see them come out." I felt confounded; I had come there to see, as I supposed, a still faithful heart, pining away under the bitter remembrance of the dreadful fate of the one it had loved. I had heard of her once, and once only,—a few weeks after the calamity,—as of one just risen from her bed after a terrible struggle, in which death had well nigh been triumphant, with a chastened spirit and a mind bowed down by affliction; at once the joy and the sorrow of her widowed mother; and here I found her in total forgetfulness of an event, which had deprived her of so much, and which was still fresh in the memory of me, a stranger! Indignation took possession of me, and I thought, "all are then alike in this heartless world; there is no truth, no sincerity in the affection of any! and in death or in absence thus soon are all forgotten!"

Anxious, however, to see once more the person, in whom I had felt so strong an interest, I managed to get a place close to the doorway of the church, and yet so as to be concealed from the sight of those who should come out. After waiting a few minutes, the door was thrown open, and Lord Eversham appeared, leading his bride. The moment my eyes fell on her, my heart acquitted her,—forgetfulness of the dead, or levity of feeling, were not inmates of Emily's bosom. The first glance assured me! There was no trace of her former self—I should not have recognized her, so great was the alteration in her appearance. She was dressed entirely in white, and to me she seemed much taller, than when I had last seen her; but that was only from her being so much thinner and slighter; she was deadly pale,—the white indeed remained in all its purity, but the rose had fled! her face, which had been rounded in form, was now scarcely oval! there was nothing to remind me of the Emily, I had carried in my recollection. The beautiful hazel eyes, were truly still the same, but their expression was totally changed!

There was none of the flutter, or emotion, which is generally apparent at this most important hour in woman's life. She was perfectly still and calm, and as she hung on Lord Eversham's arm like a fair lily, which the winds have too harshly visited, I felt that the plant was too sorely bruised ever to lift up its head in the sunshine;—it might endure for a season, but it would never flourish again!

I saw also in Lord Eversham's anxious look of tender solicitude, that there had been no concealments from him, and that every thing was known. He was singularly prepossessing in my eyes; handsome and finely formed; his countenance bore the impress of a mind not inferior to his external advantages.

A deafening sound of huzzas arose, as they left the church, and the last sight I obtained of Emily's face, as she got into the carriage, the last sight I ever had of her, was of a painful and agonized expression: it is still

present to my eyes. The carriage drove off; the crowd dispersed; and silently and thoughtfully I proceeded to the inn, pondering in my own mind what could have led to this conclusion. After my dinner was ended, and my coffee brought in, I summoned the master of the hotel, a sensible, discreet man; and, in the course of conversation, collected the following facts, respecting the now Lady Eversham. Lord Eversham had long loved and sought the hand of Emily Ashbourne; her attachment to Arthur Bouverie had been made known to him, before his premature death;—and, although he had ceased to make any efforts to obtain her, he had never overcome his feelings towards her; then when he heard of the deplorable fate of the young man, and the consequent overthrow of all Emily's prospects—though, from his natural goodness of heart, he could not but lament the cause—still, from that moment, hope had again become an inmate of his bosom; and, after suffering some months to elapse, he had gradually resumed his attentions at Mrs. Ashbourne's house, and again proffered his alliance to Emily, who, treating him with the candour which his constant affection deserved, told him, to use the words of the beautiful old Scotch song, that "her heart was in the sea" with Arthur Bouverie; that she could never again feel for man, what she had felt for him; and, that fully appreciating Lord Eversham's fine character and disposition as she did, she felt that, even if she could overcome her own reluctance to form another engagement, against which her whole frame recoiled,—a blighted heart and a worn down spirit were not the attributes to form a wife for him, so well deserving the entire affection of the woman he should choose.

Still, however, he had persevered in his suit, warmly seconded by the poor mother; who thought that, if she could see her beloved and sorely afflicted child, united to him before her death, which she knew could not be far distant, she could lay down her weary head in peace; and she fondly hoped that time, and Lord Eversham's many excellent qualities, would at last win him a place in the widowed heart of her darling.—Many, many times, had she besought her to have pity upon her mother's heart, and not to let her go down to the grave, with the terrible reflection that her child was a desolate mourner on the face of the wide world; and as often had poor Emily turned, with a sickening heart, from the weary subject. But now, that mother was actually dying; and when, with a feeble and anguished voice, she once more implored her to give this last, this only consolation, to the parent who had watched over and cherished her tender infancy, and who would so soon be no more to her, she had yielded; and,—after again assuring Lord Eversham that her heart was for ever crushed, and that all she could ever give him was esteem, and the obedience of a wife,—she had consented, if he were willing thus to accept her, to accompany him to the altar!—and this day, when I had seen her, the sacrifice had been completed, and she was returning to her grateful and satisfied parent, to receive her blessing and remain with her—till the earth should have claimed its due. Then she was to accompany Lord Eversham to his place, only a few miles distant from G\*\*\*\*.

I departed the next morning, and it was many years before I heard any thing more of this interesting couple. One day, on accidentally opening an old newspaper, which had been laid aside with some other papers, I was much struck, at seeing in its columns the death of Lady Eversham; it was

given without any particulars, and upon referring to the date, I found that it had occurred in less than a twelvemonth after her marriage with Lord Eversham. I felt my interest in her, which had till then almost died away, strongly renewed; and, after many enquiries, I ascertained what I will shortly relate.—About two months after Lord and Lady Eversham had taken up their abode at his seat,—Mrs. Ashbourne having died a few days after their marriage,—Lady Eversham was again attacked by the same fever, from the ravages of which she had never recovered, and, after fluctuating for several weeks, her life was pronounced to be out of danger; but alas! it was also true that she had come out of the fever with a stricken mind; her fine intellect was completely gone, and the physicians who had been procured from London, at every expense, gave no hopes that reason would ever be restored.—She was perfectly quiet and harmless; and appeared happy, when suffered to wander in the pleasure grounds, and to pick the flowers, with which she would amuse herself for hours, wreathing them into garlands, as a child would have done; it seemed as if her mind, passing over all the eventful and later period of her life, had returned to the state of her happy infancy; and she would again, in fancy, hold long conversations with her father and mother.—She was quite tractable, and would follow her husband, and come home when he called her; but she seemed wholly unconscious as to who or what he was. His attention and kindness to her were admirable; and, although deeply affected by this additional calamity, he still hoped that time might restore her reason, and watched over her with the tenderest care; but none, save himself, entertained this hope, for it was evident to all, that without any apparent suffering, she was gradually wasting away—like fallen snow, under the influence of the noontide sun, by such slow and imperceptible degrees, that you hardly note its decrease, until you find that it is gone. It was remarked, by all who knew her story, that the name of Bouverie was never mentioned by her in the rambling dialogues, which she held with invisible objects. She continued thus, for six or seven months, when, one day Lord Eversham was summoned to his room, to receive a person, who requested to see him, but declined giving his name. They remained shut up together for two or three hours, when the stranger was seen to leave the house, and, with a hurried step, dash through the grounds, and take the road into the wood; his hat was slouched over his face, but it did not conceal him sufficiently to prevent his being recognised, by the maid-servant,—who had lived with Lady Eversham before her marriage, and was at that moment seeking her in the garden,—as what she imagined to be the ghost of Arthur Bouverie. The alarmed woman ran back to the house, to amaze her fellow-servants with a marvellous account of the apparition she had just seen, without proceeding to her mistress.

Lord Eversham, in the mean time, sat in his room, brooding over the decrees of fate, which had thus preserved Arthur Bouverie alone, amidst the destruction of so many; to restore him to his country, after a lapse of so many months, only to endure the total annihilation of all his hopes of happiness, to find his early and his only love, not only blighted in body, but so utterly blasted, that not those who most truly loved her, could wish her blameless life prolonged one hour! For it was indeed Arthur Bouverie, who had sought Lord Eversham, in all the frenzied violence of disappointed love, burning to wreak his vengeance, on the man who had deprived him



of her he had loved and trusted, far beyond himself. But he left that house a different man from what he entered it; every trace of passion had vanished; and, though he was struggling with intense emotion, it was despair, not anger, that reigned over his countenance, when he rushed from the door, as if fearful of beholding even for one instant, that being, with whom to pass his entire life, had been his soul's ambition.

When the Ariadne went down, he had been taken up, just as his strength was failing him, and nearly insensible, by a ship bound to a distant country; had lain, for weeks, in a raging fever; and, when reason again dawned, he was many hundred leagues from the land of his birth.—Twice had he written to Emily, to inform her of his almost miraculous preservation; he had been again wrecked, and cast away on the coast of Africa; and, after endless sufferings and escapes, had returned with a maddening anxiety; but firmly trusting in the constancy and faith of Emily, if she were still living! He had indeed found her living—ever constant, although in seeming faithlessness—but the wife of another, and a senseless maniac! Better, far better, had she been dead!

Lord Eversham, taught patience by his own griefs, bore with all the unhappy young man's violence. He told him every thing without disguise;—the despair and constancy of Emily; his own, perhaps too great perseverance, to save her from, as he thought, a life of solitude and misery, after her mother's death; the terrible state to which she was now reduced, and the hopelessness of her recovery. Nor was he remiss in accusing himself; for there was a busy devil at his heart, which eternally whispered to him, that the fever, which unsettled her brain, had been caused by the effort she had made, too great for her enfeebled powers to endure.

The voice of truth has power over the mind of man, even in its most dis-tempered state, and that of Bouverie at length yielded to it. It was without one feeling of enmity to Lord Eversham, whose sufferings he saw were nearly equal to his own, that he parted from him and fled from the spot without casting a last look on poor Emily; hoping that he might carry to the grave, the image of her whom he adored, even now, in her fallen state, as in the days of her early loveliness! But it was not so ordained! He almost flew along the road to G\*\*\*\*, and buried himself in his own room, till evening had sent all, but the weary-minded, who court solitude, to seek for social comfort beside their own hearths. Then the wretched Bouverie sought the beach, and after wandering along the smooth sands, and looking on the still waters, over which the moon was shining coldly, he stopped, for a moment, near a pile of broken boats, fancying he heard the low murmuring sound of a human voice.—It rose on the air in a wild but soft cadence, like the strain of some mournful hymn, and then ceased entirely. He sprang towards the place whence the sound came; when, from amongst the boats, a white and vapory looking form glided almost into his arms, and sighing, rather than speaking—"Arthur, Arthur, I knew that you would come at last"—fell at his feet.—The voice, the voice was music to his ear—he raised her in his arms; but life was fast ebbing. For one instant insanity, and the light of reason struggled in the hazel eyes, as she gazed on his features—but reason was triumphant! and when her head was raised from the faithful heart, on which her last pure breath had fled, its departing influence appeared upon the sweet placid countenance of the dead.

L. K. G. H.



## THE BROKER OF BOGOTA.

A TRAGEDY,

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

First performed at the American Theatre, (Bowery,) New-York, 12th Feb. 1834.

THE difficulties and risks that lie in the path of the dramatic writer are so great, that it is not wonderful few men have the courage to tread it. The marvel is, that any are found so daring. The refinement or the degeneracy of the stage—for it is not yet settled which of these characteristics distinguishes the dramatic present from the past—has added vastly to the qualifications necessary to a successful play writer. A mere natural bias or genius, however great, for this branch of writing, is not sufficient to carry a play through the theatre. New appetites and new wants on the part of the audience have called for new additions to the talents of the author. A full knowledge of what is technically called *dramatic effect*—the most comprehensive of phrases, the most difficult of acquisitions,—must be conjoined with the aforesaid natural genius, which, without it, is nothing.

The author of the “Broker of Bogota” appears to possess, in an eminent degree, that knowledge of character, and sympathies with human feeling, which are so necessary to success in the art of dramatic writing. His thorough understanding of the philosophy of his art, is not less apparent than his quick perception of dramatic effect.

His former productions, the “Gladiator” and “Oralloossa,” being founded on great national events, and possessing the adventitious aid of pomp and circumstance in the representation, gave occasion to the remark, that much of their success might be attributed to his use of them; but in his present effort he has abandoned all these auxiliaries, and relied solely on the simple and natural delineation of human character and feeling.

The drama is a domestic one; the characters are in humble life; the incidents are unforced, and the catastrophe is accomplished without the aid of bowl or dagger. The story is told in a few words.

Baptista Febro, a rich broker, upright and esteemed by his fellow citizens, has three children, Ramon, Francisco, and Leonor, the first of whom has been seduced into dissolute habits, and even crime, by the arts of a decayed and desperate hidalgo, Antonio de Cabarero. His father has discarded him, and, though mourning in secret after him, still keeps up the appearance of severity, in order that the son may feel the bitter issues of his degradation, and return at last penitent and reformed. This is prevented by Cabarero, who, for purposes of his own, increases the wrath of the parent, while he enflames the fury of the son.

Ramon had been betrothed to Juana, daughter of Mendoza, but the match is broken off by Mendoza, with the consent of Febro, who acknowledges that Juana is worthy of a better husband. Juana, by her tears and prayers,

prevails upon her father to grant Ramon a week of trial, wherein, if he regain the favor of his father, or by any other means arrives at wealth, the contract shall be resumed. At the expiration of that week, she binds herself to marry another wooer, a rich merchant of Quito. The fear of losing Juana, whom he ardently loves, the apparently cruel and oppressive severity of his father, the subtle arts of Cabarero, the temptation of accident, the bottle, &c., urge the youth at last to robbery, and by cunning artifices of Cabarero, the guilt is fixed, and circumstantially proved, upon Febro himself, the victim of robbery and conspiracy.

Febro is tried and judged by the Viceroy, who, having himself lost a great sum by the robbery, is somewhat—although a man of lofty and generous spirit—moved by anger to pre-judge him. Febro is declared guilty, his property confiscated to answer the demands of those who employed him, and his life spared only on account of his age and former character. He returns to his house a ruined man, and a ‘convicted felon.’

Meanwhile another circumstance adds to his misery. Fernando, son of the Viceroy, just arrived from Spain, had seen his daughter Leonor, follow her in disguise from the carnival, and, under the name of Rolando, wins her affections. Incapable of betraying her confidence, and afraid to reveal his passion for a plebeian’s daughter to a proud parent, he follows her still in disguise, until his love, his pity, his fear of losing her for ever, all greatly excited by the discovery of her father’s guilt and disgrace, tempt him to fly with her. They elope, and being pursued by Francisco, the younger son, are obliged to seek refuge, for a moment, by a private entrance, in the palace. The bereaved father follows them to reclaim his child.

The remorseful and upbraiding expressions of Ramon, when Juana accuses him of witnessing against his father, throw him off his guard, and in a paroxysm of desperation, he avows to her his father’s innocence, and his own guilt.

The noble Juana, though with a broken heart, causes her father to lead her to the palace, that she may denounce her recreant and apostate lover. Other revealments at the same time take place: a rosary taken from the neck of his dead mother, and bestowed by the father upon his first born, and known to be worn constantly by Ramon, is found by his brother in the broken vaults from which the broker’s treasure had been taken; and at the same time, an accomplice in the act, frightened at the sight of the wheel, confesses the conspiracy. The robbers are taken before the Viceroy; and Febro’s innocence is made clear in the guilt of a beloved son. The young prince acknowledges that Leonor is his wife; as such the Viceroy receives her; and the joy of the old man is waxing high, when word is brought in that the desperate Ramon had flung himself from the balcony and perished. This is the last blow on the spirit of the broker.

The unities of time and place are preserved, although we can hardly suppose that so liberal an interpreter of the laws of dramatic writing as the author, should have made this a paramount object. It seems rather to have been the natural result of the admirable unity of action which characterizes this as well as his previous works.

This character of unity of action is so well preserved, and the moral effect

is so strong and striking, that we might suppose the author's design to have been to illustrate the gradual but inevitable results of filial disobedience. The incidents, so admirably combined, the well developed characters, the conflict of passions and strife of interests; the sufferings, crimes, and catastrophe, all point to this, and without any great liberty of interpretation, may fairly be referred to this as a central point. Indeed the play itself, if descriptive titles had not passed out of vogue, might have been properly entitled the disobedient son.

The broker himself is the leading character of the piece, although the subsidiary personages are allowed much more play, and are brought out in much stronger relief than is usual in this age of "stars." The author may perhaps have been censured for hitherto giving in to the prevailing fashion of writing a drama for one actor; inasmuch as the "Gladiator" and "Oralloossa" are so constructed as to concentrate the attention of the audience principally on the character and actions of the leading personage. But if such a charge could be made with any justice before, the author has fully redeemed himself from it in this last production. The inferior characters of the "Broker" are strongly drawn, and carefully developed. They afford opportunity for the display of the highest powers of acting, and at first sight it might be imagined that any one of two or three personages might be considered the hero of the piece. Indeed, the quiet and subdued style in which Mr. Forrest has judiciously chosen to sustain his part, gives some colour to the supposition. But a careful examination of the whole structure of the piece shows that every scene and incident is referred to its effect on the real leader of the action; and while the subordinate personages possess a strong individuality, and the episodes are of an independent interest, a genuine unity of design is strictly preserved.

The truth of these observations is illustrated by the manner in which the characters of the father and son mutually act and react upon each other, until the latter is led to steep his soul in crime, and the former is driven to mortal despair. Febro is represented as having loved Ramon even more than his other children, until, by his association with the villain Cabarero, he had been gradually seduced into evil courses; and this very partiality makes the fond parent regard his errors with a more anxious and stern solicitude than if he had been less beloved. He treats him with severity, in hopes of bringing him to repentance. This severity is artfully exaggerated by Cabarero; who contrives to interpose between them, and widen the breach; at the same time that he urges Ramon to some desperate means of procuring money, in order to obtain the hand of Juana. After an interview between Cabarero and Febro, in which the former had vainly attempted to obtain money for Ramon, he meets him in the street, communicates the unsuccessful result of his visit to the father, and at the moment when the young lover is in despair at the thoughts of losing his mistress, they stumble upon the lost key of Febro's vault. The temptation is too strong for the young man, goaded as he is by the severity of his father, urged by Cabarero, and seduced by the hope of finally obtaining his mistress. They rob the broker of his treasure, and repair with it to the house of Pablo, an inn-keeper and accomplice. The old man, in the mean time, moved by representations of the utter misery and secret penitence of his son, has relented, and resolved

to pardon him, and try the effect of kindness in reclaiming him from his evil courses and companions. He goes to the house of Pablo, carrying gold, which he designs as an earnest of his reconciliation. He arrives too late. The crime is already committed. The confederates have just returned to the tavern with a portion of their plunder. The scene in which the father discovers that his son is irretrievably impenitent, and the son that penitence will be vain, is given below. It presents one of the most striking situations in the play, and affords a specimen of the manner in which the characters are grouped and contrasted.

*A room in Pablo's house. Enter Cabarero, Ramon, and Pablo, each bearing a bag of coin.*

*Cab.* Victoria! Thou art revenged, enriched and beatified! The mine is found, and Juana is thine own. We will melt these dollars into ingots, show them to Mendoza, and to-morrow thou wilt be in paradise.

*Ram.* In hell, I think—for what devil is blacker than I? But, he forced me to it!

*Cab.* Ay, he forced thee to it.

*Ram.* We are followed, too: I hear the hue and cry! Let us escape. Do you not hear?

*Cab.* I hear the beating of thy silly heart. Why, what a cowardly, poor-spirited knave hath vile liquor made thee!—Pablo, thou art the king of cheats. Wine, and a crucible, and a roaring hot fire!—I tell thee, thou art mad. All is safe.

*Ram.* Hark! hark, Antonio!

*Cab.* 'Tis the rumbling of a cart. Fy upon thy white gizzard! Wilt thou never make a rascal of spirit?

*[A knocking is heard.]*

*Ram. and Cab.* Hark!

*Ram.* We are lost! we are lost!

*Cab.* Down with thee, to the door. Be wise. *[Exit Pablo.]*

*Ram.* We are undone!

*Cab.* I will stab thee, if thou goest on with this clamor.

*Ram.* Antonio!

*Cab.* Art thou not now a rascal? and why should'st thou not have the wit and courage of a rascal? Put on a face of iron, and harden thy nerves into the same metal.—This is a friend: he comes to spy on thee. *(Re-enter Pablo, with Febro.)* He can ne'er forgive thee, *now*; remember that.—Good e'en, Senor Febro; you are very welcome.

*Febro.* Away, bad man! I'll have no words with thee.

My office here is full of love and peace,  
And hath no part in thee, except to steal  
A victim from thee.—Hark thee, Ramon, boy;  
Thou once wert good, and dutiful, and loving:  
Loving, I say—and then besides, thou wert  
The first life of thy mother. What thou wert  
To mine old affections, I'll not speak.  
Thou hast acted many follies; yet, because  
Of mine own weakness, and because I know  
They have weighed thee down, with heavy misery,  
I am willing to forgive them.

*Ram.* Hah!

*Feb.* Forgive them!

One thing alone—and if thy heart yet holds  
A grain of love, it will not start at that—  
One thing alone will bear thee back again  
Into my house, perhaps my heart too: bid  
Farewell unto this man, who loves thee not;  
Know him no more; and here am I to free thee  
From his bad thralldom. Look, I have gold with me.

*(Displaying a bag.)*

Enough to ransom thee.

*Ram.* What, gold!

*Feb.* I heard

How far thy wretchedness had carried thee.



*Ram.* What, gold? hah! gold for me?

*Feb.* Thou see'st, enough,  
Perhaps o' the present, to discharge thy debts,  
And make thee good and happy once again.

*Ram.* Ha, ha!

Thou could'st relent, then? Why, thou art gone mad.—  
Thou bring'st me money! It is too late.

*Cab.* (*Apart to Ram.*) Well said; Thou art a man—He  
[waited his pleasure—

What has he made thee?

*Feb.* Ramon, my son!

*Ram.* Oho, thy son!

Why, what a father had that son? A father,  
Who, while forgiveness would have wrought the son  
Into a holy penitent, gave him wrath,  
And turned him to perdition. What a father!  
To do this mischief to his child; and when  
He saw his child i' the gulph of hell, to taunt him  
With words of pardon!

*Cab.* Bravo! a proper spirit!—  
Thou see'st, old man! Thou would'st not hark to me.  
Oho, I begg'd you; but you call'd me rogue,—  
Villain and rogue!

*Feb.* Ramon, thou know'st not what thou say'st—Perhaps  
I was too hard with thee, but I repent me.

Wilt thou have pardon? love and pardon?

*Ram.* Yea!

Curses for pardon, and a knife for love!  
I am not thy son; the thing that was thy Ramon,  
Is perish'd—lost, forever lost!—no atom  
That once was his, left breathing,—all destroy'd,  
And made the elements of fiends! Hence, hence!  
Away! old maniac, hence!

*Feb.* Do I live,  
And listen to my boy?

*Pab.* Hark!

*Voices within, crying—* Thieves! thieves!

*Feb.* O heaven,

Thou judgest sorely! Is it so indeed?  
Would I had died or ere I heard these words,  
These worse than death. Well, God be with thee, Ramon;  
Thou hast kill'd thy father.

*Voices.* Thieves, thieves, thieves!

Here the officers of justice enter, and Cabarero instantly lays hold on the broker with the bag of gold, which he had intended for his son, in his hand, and charges him with having robbed his own vault for the purpose of defrauding those for whom he was trustee. The old man vainly repels the charge. He is seized, imprisoned, and tried for this crime. By strong circumstances, the perjury of Cabarero and Pablo, and the silence of Ramon, he is convicted.

The effect of these events on the father and on the son is thus exhibited. The father speaks, when at last fully conscious of his situation.

————— Has it come to this?

Is't true? is't possible? A man like me,  
Old,—in the twilight of my years, and looking  
Into the dusky midnight of my grave,—  
An old man, that have lived a life whereon  
No man hath found a stain—Oh! you are mad,  
To think this thing of me. A fraud! a fraud!  
What, I commit it? with these gray hairs too?  
And without aim, save to enrich this rogue,  
That swears away my life?

*Viceroy.* Aimless indeed,  
Unnatural, and most incredible,  
And, therefore easily disproved, had'st thou  
One proof beyond its wonder. Give me proof:  
Discredit not this knave—I know him well;  
But show thou wert not with him,—or for what?  
And had'st no gold with thee,—or wherefore had'st it?  
Or, do what will be better for thy soul,  
Rouse from this dotish fit that has transform'd thee;  
Repent, confess, deliver up the spoil  
Of thy unhallow'd avarice; and, in memory  
Of thy unsullied fame, (no more unsullied,)  
And, in regard of years that should be revered,  
In pity and in peace, we will discharge thee.

*Feb.* I do repent me—of my miseries  
I do confess—that I am wrong'd and lost,  
Robb'd and traduced, and by collusion slain,  
Trapp'd by false witnesses, and by an unjust judge  
Unrighteously condemn'd.

*Viceroy.* Say'st thou, Baptista?  
An unjust judge? unrighteously condemn'd?  
What say the witnesses,—thy friend Mendoza?  
Will he traduce? What Antonio here?  
Does he gain aught to harm thee? What this Pablo,  
Who prates his own life into jeopardy?  
And what—By heaven, I would have saved thee *that*!—  
What says thy son?

*Feb.* My son! my Ramon! Ay, let Ramon speak.  
Hah! what! Does Ramon charge me?

*Viceroy.* Hear'st thou, Ramon?

*Cab.* Wilt thou be ruin'd?—

*Feb.* Ramon!

*Viceroy.* Do'st thou see?  
Horror hath made him dumb. Had he a word  
To aid thy misery, he had spoken it.

*Feb.* Do'st thou accuse me, boy? I do defy thee!  
What, swear against thy father? Ope thy lips:  
Speak what thou can'st.—Oh, now I have been mad!  
Thou know'st full well, for what I sought thee out.  
Why art thou silent? Look,—a word of thine  
Will clear up all. Speak thou that word.—Accuse me!  
My son accuse me? By the curse not yet  
Utter'd, nor thought of,—by the father's curse,  
That will convert thy bosom to a hell,  
Ne'er to be quench'd by penitence and prayers,  
Speak, and speak truly!

*Viceroy.* Stand aside.

*Feb.* Ha! ha!

One word clears all, and he will speak it. Hark!

(Ramon, endeavoring to speak, falls into a swoon.)

My son! my son! oh, you have kill'd my Ramon!

Notwithstanding the depth of crime into which Ramon has thus been gradually led, he is not utterly abandoned. There are some redeeming traits of natural feeling left, as shown by the following scene, where he learns the result of the trial. It occurs in the street, whither he had been carried by the orders of the humane Viceroy, and where he recovers from his swoon.

*Ram.* The viceroy has given him his life? Well, I am glad of that. Else should I have confessed all. His pardon too!

*Cab.* Ay, I tell thee,—his life and pardon: all which is contrary to law. Such a fraud is a matter of hanging.

*Ram.* And thou thought'st, when thou persuaded'st me to witness against him, that he should die, hah?

*Cab.* By my life, no; I knew his life was in no danger. I told thee, the viceroy was too much his friend.

*Ram.* He will come to want, Antonio. We will send him money.

*Cab.* 'Slife, this is superfluous, and full of risk.

*Ram.* I tell thee, he shall have money and relief, though it bring me to the gal-lows.

*Cab.* Wilt thou not be wise?

*Ram.* He was coming to me with pardon! with money to relieve me! and with that money did I witness him to destruction.

*Cab.* Foh! thou said'st not a word.

*Ram.* Hah! that's true; no man can accuse me; I said nothing against him. But my silence—my silence damned him,—and it damns me. There is no fiend like to me. Witness against my father! Kill my father! Cain killed his brother, and his forehead was marked with the finger of God. I—I—What is justice? I have no mark, who have killed my father!

*Cab.* Faith, not a jot; there is no mark about thee.

*Ram.* Thou liest; it is *here!* My soul is sealed with horror—black, black! the leprosy of an Ethiop! the gangrene of a demon! all darkness—darkness and horror.

We had intended to introduce extracts, in order to show the capabilities of Juana and of some subordinate characters, particularly Cabarero. But the admirable manner in which it was sustained by Mr. Wallack, has spared us that trouble, so far as that character is concerned; and our limits will by no means allow us to exhibit the striking points of the others. We must hasten to the closing scene, in which the catastrophe is accomplished in a manner as simple as it is natural and effective. Febro pursues his fugitive daughter to the palace, and discovers her betrayer in the person of the Viceroy's son. While the fate of the maiden is still in suspense, the robbers are brought to the palace, and Juana accuses her lover. The miserable father forgets his own sorrows, and defends his unworthy child. The full confession of Pablo does not shake his confidence: he curses his youngest son for joining the accusers; and it is not till Francisco produces the rosary of Ramon, (the gift of 'his pure and holy mother',) found in the vault, and Ramon himself unlocks the lips of remorse, that his belief can be no longer withheld.

Guilty! guilty! (cries the ruined youth.)

Give me to death, for I have kill'd my father!

I am the robber, and the parricide,

The doom'd and lost,—the lost, oh lost forever!

*Viceroy.* Bear him away: this vile Antonio too,

This devil-born destroyer of men's sons,—

I'll make him an example. Bear them forth;

Have them in waiting.—

[Ramon and Cabarero are led out.]

Fy! how now, Baptista?

We have done thee wrong.

*Feb.*

Well, boy, we will go home.—

Confess and pray—Call Leonor.

*Francisco.* My father!

*Viceroy.* His wits are fled. O fate! these thunderpeals,

Thus flashing through the heart, have done their work,

And the mind's temple tumbles into ruin.

Arouse thee Febro! thy gold shall be restored:

Lucas, the miner, hath his pit recovered,

And pays thee back a golden recompense.

*Fran.* He thinks no more of that.

*Viceroy.*

Thy daughter, Febro!—

*Feb.* I'll have you moan for this!

*Viceroy.*

Thou shalt have justice.

(Leonor is brought in.)

Behold thy daughter! Thou shalt have justice full.

*Feb.* My child! my child!

*Leo (Kneeling.)* Dear father !  
*Feb. (To Fernando.)* Oh man of stone !  
 Was I not wo enough, but you must steal  
 My seraph from me ?  
*Viceroy.* Name thou his punishment :  
 If it be death, the knave shall die.  
*Fernando. (Kneeling.)* Forgive me !  
 I could not speak, while Febro seem'd a felon :  
 Punish me now, since he is innocent.  
 I stole thy daughter, but I wrong'd her not :—  
 Sire, I deceived thee, but I am no villain.  
 Revoke thy curse;—and, father, bless my wife !  
*Feb.* Is it even so ? Thy wife !  
*Viceroy.* Nought else is left  
 For reparation. I the rites acknowledge,  
 And, as my daughter, here do welcome her.  
*Feb.* Thy wife ! thy honor'd wife ? You do receive her ?  
 Why now we shall be happy—Heaven be thank'd !  
 Ha ! ha ! a noble husband for my daughter !  
 A virtuous, honorable gentleman !  
 I'll make thee rich ! She's worthy of a king.—  
 Happy, happy !  
 (*A cry is heard. Mendoza enters.*)  
*Mendoza.* Alas, your highness,—Ramon !—  
*Feb.* Hah ! Ramon ? Oh, thy white and quivering lips  
 Speak a new horror,  
*Men.* Pitying his grief  
 And agony of mind, we led him forth  
 On the balcony ; where, confessing straight  
 In what dark corner he had hid the gold,  
 O' the sudden, with a shriek of desperation,  
 He flung him from the height, and—  
*Viceroy.* Heaven !—  
*Men.* So perish'd !  
 [*Febro falls.*]  
*Viceroy.* What, Febro ! has this last blow crack'd thy heart ?  
 There comes no sin without its sequent woe ;  
 No folly but begets its punishment.  
 And heaven, that strikes the malefactor down,  
 Even with the greater culprits smites the less,—  
 The rigid sire, and disobedient son.  
 [*The curtain falls.*]

That the author of this play possessed the dramatic faculty in no ordinary degree, was fully established by his first effort. The richness of his resources, his command over the materials of his art, and his power of combining them, were displayed in his second. It remained in this last to exhibit that inventive energy which creates its subject entire, and that versatility which adapts itself to the humblest sphere as well as the loftiest, and attracts to the scenes and events of domestic life, the same degree of interest which was awakened by the conflict of kings and consuls—the triumph of heroes, and the fall of empires.



## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, BOSTON. RUSSEL, ODIORNE, & METCALF. NEW YORK. MONSON BANCROFT. This is the most beautiful edition of Mr. Bryant's poetry that we have hitherto seen. When we have said this, we have said all that we can now say, as our opinion of Mr. Bryant's poetry,—harmonious, solemn, sweet, and imaginative as it is,—is not now to be for the first time expressed. As a writer of blank verse, he has no living superior, perhaps no living rival; and of all metres, we consider blank verse the noblest, the most arduous, and the most majestic. It is but too frequently the case, that persons write a species of metrical prose, being hindered by indolence or inability from writing rhyme, and this has led to a false idea, that it is easier to write blank than rhymed verse. The truth, however, is that the very ease of writing that, which we have styled metrical prose, renders it especially difficult to write exalted and harmonious verse freed from the restraints of recurring sounds. The facility, with which the ideas run into these *versi sciolli*, causes a tendency to diffusion, weakness, and monotony, and it requires a pure taste, and a high degree of resolution to avoid yielding to the fascinations of indolent composition. These qualities Mr. Bryant possesses in a very unusual degree, and the consequence is, that his poetry is most distinguished for terseness, melody, and variety; as any one will comprehend at a glance, who shall peruse his inscription on a wood, his thanatopsis, or his summer wind. The metre is as perfect as that of Thompson, and the matter superior, as it is less stiff and more accessible to the feelings of men. We have but one cause of complaint against the author,—he writes too seldom and too little. He is bound in duty to himself, to leave a more exalted monument of his abilities to posterity, than he has heretofore displayed.

TREVELYAN, A NOVEL, in 2 vols. 12mo.,—Is altogether one of the most pleasing and agreeable fictions of its kind that has

been lately published. For our own part we are not very strong admirers of the species of literature to which this belongs, a mere novel of sentiment, without any picture of striking manners, or events, without historical or national interest, and without a moral lesson. Still so long as the public mind shall receive such books with favor, authors will be found to minister to their wishes in abundance. It is therefore necessary that attention should be paid to the best of these, as they appear, in order that if such things must be, they may at least be well executed. This is peculiarly the case with Trevelyan, it is a story of pure sentiment, and narrative, there are not a dozen events from the commencement to the conclusion, yet, strange to say, it is neither mawkish nor wanting in interest. The story is simply this, the hero a gallant young officer is requested by a dying comrade to accept the guardianship of his natural daughter, who in consequence comes to reside beneath his sister's roof. The youthful guardian falls in love with his ward, and deceived by his own hopes and some ambiguity in the fair lady's conduct, fancies the attachment mutual; discovers his error, and in order to further the happiness of Theresa gives her up without an effort to his rival. Years elapse, Trevelyan succeeds to the title and estates of his paternal uncle, and to oblige the old man, fancying his former love for Theresa extinct, marries his cousin. Very shortly afterwards Theresa returns from Republican France, almost heart-broken, with a dissolute and neglectful husband, retaining the native purity of her heart although she has lost much of the innocence of manner for which she had been distinguished above all other charms. She is exposed to every danger, every temptation. Trevelyan exposes himself to the jealousy of his wife, by his efforts to rescue his ward from impending ruin. She is driven, at length, by the infamous levity of his conduct, to elope; but ere she has fled twenty miles from London, she repents, still unblemished in virtue, for it was almost in madness that she had fled,

and sends for Trevelyan to come to her rescue. She at length is reconciled to her husband, and dies happily, leaving Trevelyan miserable, and cast off by his cold and unamiable wife, for his imaginary dereliction of virtue. Trevelyan goes abroad and dies with the gallant Moore at Corunna! It is of course pathetic, and almost melancholy throughout, pleasingly written without any affectation of style, or any parade of sentimentality, and in truth affecting, from its being impossible to discover any thing like an attack upon our feelings. We strongly recommend Trevelyan to all professed novel-readers; and we doubt not that many of those, who occasionally dip into a work of fiction for relaxation from graver studies, may find therein an hour's profitable entertainment.

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**THE HEIRESS.—A NOVEL. IN TWO VOLUMES. HARPERS, NEW YORK, 1834.** Another of the things which "spout, and spout away, in one weak washy everlasting flood," from the London press, and which without one quality to recommend them to notice, are republished, be-puffed and be-praised, and circulated, and read to the exclusion of much that is agreeable, and every thing that is useful. It has always been a matter of wonder to us, how such works can be popular even in England, where they possess an interest, of which to us they are necessarily devoid, in their real, or imagined similarity to that society, which is there, as *it is not*, and we most fervently hope *never will be* here, the sole pursuit of the wealthiest and noblest, if not of the wisest and best of her sons and daughters. But that a thing, containing really no interest, nothing to affect the heart, enlighten the understanding, or even tickle the fancy, should be sought for here, is utterly inconceivable.—We know, or at least affect to know, the worthlessness of mere honorary distinction, the emptiness of a title or a ribbon; we constantly put forward our contempt for those, who can debase their understandings to cringe to one of their fellows, merely because he may happen to be styled right honorable, how then is it—that we find pleasure in perusing books, which owe their whole attractions to the list of titles which adorn their pages, and which would present but spiritless and vapid sketches of fashionable life, even if they were possessed of the questionable merit of resemblance to their originals; but which, when considered, as they ought to be, as mere daubs scrawled by persons who have never mingled in the scenes which they deem themselves able to portray, are equally ludicrous and contemptible. In England, the secret of their being received with favor

is simply this. Those who really do mingle in the gayeties of that exclusive circle, whose foibles, or virtues, have afforded themes to such a host of scribblers—read them for mere curiosity, and laugh in their sleeves at the folly of the writer. Those, who are not themselves *fashionable*, for the most part wish to be so, and vainly hope to catch the jargon at least of these, to them, Eleusinian mysteries by reading what they fancy to be records—poor blinded mortals!—of a state which they seem to consider the ne plus ultra of human beatitude. And how, after all when we consider how miserably tame and tasteless a thing this *good society*—heaven bless the mark—is in itself, after the first piquancy of novelty has worn away, how can we imagine that we shall find it more enlivening through the medium of a duodecimo? The very heroes and heroines of whom these learned Thebans treat, consume about three-fourths of their time in wretched listless ennui, and we ourselves can fancy no more effectual method of becoming participators in their feelings, so far at least, than the task of toiling through two volumes similar to the Heiress. It is absolutely and entirely nothing, the story improbable, the events impossible, and the whole wearisome, and yet we doubt not, it has been blazoned forth, "as a powerful production,"—or, as "bearing the impress of an original mind on its every page"—in the sounding paragraphs, which hail the appearance of every novel, which is neither absolutely bad, nor decidedly mischievous.

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**THE STAFF OFFICER.—A TALE OF REAL LIFE, BY OLIVER MOORE.** This is a work of a very different character from the last, not, however, that we can give it our approbation; but that the censure which it must call forth is of a different nature. Clever, witty, bustling, full of anecdote of personages well known and distinguished, with much good description, some good feeling, and plenty of good writing, it is nevertheless deformed by a vein of ultra warmth of passionate description, which almost merits the title of licentiousness. The earlier part of the first volume is so tainted with this unpardonable fault, that it really is not fit to be introduced into the presence of a pure or virtuous woman. We would not be imagined to be austere, or liable to the charge of an affected rigidity of morals, but if there be one being on earth whom we hold meanly and basely bad, it is he who, possessing talents of a higher order than his fellows, can deliberately prostitute those talents, which should enlighten, to corrupt the minds of men. If the author of the Staff Officer be not liable to this im-

putation, he is, at least, liable to the charge of having grievously insulted public morality, by gratuitous descriptions of odious and disgusting sins. The hero, in his younger days, is a wholesale Lothario, a lover, and mostly a successful one, to every woman whom he meets with; he seduces one sister, while he loves the other, being at the same time engaged in intrigues with gipsies, landladies, and other *inamoratas* beyond all number; all introduced, as it would seem, merely for the sake of a prurient description, and all suffered to sink into oblivion as quickly as the flame which they excite. The most mischievous feature of the whole, is that the actor of all this iniquity is represented as a most amiable, virtuous, and truly excellent youth, in all but that which pertained to the sex; and as this failing is never spoken of with the abhorrence which it deserves, it remains doubtful whether the author may not entertain the miserable idea, that the character of a libertine is not at variance, perhaps is even necessary, to form an accomplished gentleman. There are, as we have said, many points of excellence which, if they were introduced otherwise than in contrast to the odious passages, to which we have alluded above, would entitle the work to high commendation; as it is, however, it only adds to our indignation to find one, capable of sustaining so exalted a flight, not ashamed to sink to such a depth of—we had well nigh said—degradation. Though a late publication here, it is not a work of recent origin; but whether we have read it years ago in an English edition, or in a former American reprint, we know not, nor do we care; in either case it ought not to have been reprinted now.

**VIRGINIA.**—A new play, founded upon the story of the heroic Roman, and written by our countryman, John Howard Payne, would present in its announcement, claims to particular attention; which claims, we are happy to say, are greatly increased by its merits. A good tragedy upon the subject of *Virginius* has been long a desideratum in dramatic literature; Alfieri's play of *Virginia* is a noble poem, but though translated into our language, is not at all calculated for the English stage; and with the exception of Sheridan Knowles, who we learn is indebted to Mr. Payne for the subject and for many points in the plot of his piece, no successful writer had as yet attempted it. Mr. Knowles' play of *Virginius* has been much lauded, but in our opinion wants character, interest and pathos; and possesses no exalted sentiment, nor elevated poetry. *Virginia* the heroine, is almost a nonentity; and the character of her

father neither poetically nor historically correct. The structure of the verse is culpably careless and unmelodious; a fault which strikes the more harshly upon our ears, as it is not redeemed by any brilliancy of poetic imagery, noble declamation, or energy of passion. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the tragedy of *Virginius* inferior to that of *Virginia*; and in making this assertion we are far from allowing our judgment to be biassed by partiality toward the author of the latter as a distinguished countryman; our opinion is founded upon a candid examination of the two pieces. The chief merit in Mr. Payne's play is the perfect keeping preserved throughout, and his vigorous delineations of character; his Romans are wholly and absolutely Romans; he has transfused the spirit of that age and nation most successfully into the sentiments and language. The character of *Virginius* preserves the idea which history presents to us; while that of his daughter is such an one as the imagination loves to paint as existing at that period, gentle, feminine, but in Roman firmness and fortitude worthy of her noble sire. She divides the interest of the piece with her father; although the gallant  *Icilius*, and the intriguing  *Appius* claim no small share of our attention. The language is worthy of the subject; its chief characteristic is energy and force, though it is by no means wanting in grace and harmony. The address of *Virginius* to the senate and to his soldiers we would particularly notice, as full of eloquence and dignity. There is a quaintness and conciseness about them, and indeed about the general style of the work, a manner of saying a great deal in a few words, which is rather new in modern tragedy; but which is eminently adapted to a Roman subject, and more pleasing than elaborate ornament would be. There is one thing however, to which we would object; the frequent use of the verb without the nominative and the occasional introduction of words which are not now in use;—these particulars we notice, not because we are disposed to cavil at small things, but because we are unwilling that faults so slight, and which might be so easily removed, should remain to mar, even in a trifling degree, the pleasure of hearing or reading a very fine play. We shall endeavor to make room for a few extracts from the manuscript; although a number of passages which we would wish to select, to prove the justice of our remarks, are so connected with long scenes, that it would be difficult to make detached extracts. The scene between  *Icilius* and  *Appius*, where the former reproaches the tyrant for his perfidy, and is lulled into fancied security by his representations, is a re-



markably fine one, but would not admit of division.

His relation to his soldiers of the murder of Dentatus, is, however, so deserving of attention, that we must extract it,

———“ His death,  
Like his long life was glorious. Turning  
on them  
With more than mortal energy, his frame  
Seemed to expand—pale murder shrunk  
abashed!  
But when the traitors, rallying, rushed  
again,  
His single sword was equal to a host;—  
It flashed like Jove's bolt,—in each flash  
a death;  
The slain in heaps crimsoned the ground;  
then, then—  
Why, wretched Rome—did the gods then  
forget thee!—  
While roused to desperation,—some in  
front  
Fell on him with fresh fury—others,  
mounting  
The lofty rock 'gainst which his back  
was planted,  
Shivered its summit; and thence hurling  
down  
The massy fragments, great Dentatus  
fell!”

The scene of Virginia's death is highly graphic and interesting. After the unjust sentence has been pronounced which consigns her to Claudius as his bonds-woman, and the lictors advance to separate her from her father, Virginius requests the boon of a last farewell, which granted, he recalls in agony inexpressible, the recollections of her “sweet infancy.” The idea of slaying her does not seem to occur to him, and is first suggested by herself.

“—Oh, my Virginia!

We cling to life—doat still—are still  
deceived—

Our sorrows never end but in the  
grave!—

Virginia. The grave—my father!—  
Did you say the grave?

Virginius. Virginia!

Virginia. There was a Roman once,  
had found a way

To cheat their malice.—Is Lucretia's  
spirit

Extinct for ever?

Virginius. Girl! you drive me mad!

Virginia. (Pointing to Claudius and  
Appius) Look there! Oh! can you  
give me up—your child—

To worse than bondage—worse much  
worse than death!

Virginius. Oh! heart! heart! heart!

It cannot be that way!

Virginia. Father!—One last embrace!  
—enough—ere long—

Heed not this agony—perhaps you'll  
learn

I have not quite forgot Rome's better  
days!—

Farewell!—Oh! bless you!

Virginius. Bless you!—Fare-  
well for ever!

Appius. This tediousness doth much  
offend the court.

Attend her sentence!—

Virginius. Hold!—without sentence,  
I'll resign her freely.

Since you will prove her to be none of  
mine!—

Appius. See—see—how evidently truth  
appears.

Receive her, Claudius!—

Virginius. Thus I surrender her!  
(stabs her.)

She's free! (holding up the dagger.)

Appius! with this dagger,

I do devote thee to the infernal gods!—

Virginia gratefully kisses the hand that slew her, and is borne out dead. Appius and the rest of the Decemviri start from the tribunal; while at the same instant the friends of Virginius, the infuriated soldiers, rush in, exclaiming “Rescue for Virginius!” and fill the scene, from which the tyrant and his minions have precipitately retreated.

It were to be wished for the sake of scenic effect that the drama could have concluded with an incident so stirring as that of the death of Virginia; but we are aware that such a conclusion would have subjected it to the charge of being incomplete, and wanting in poetical justice; as the fate of the tyrant Appius would have been still in suspense. The anguish and delirium of Virginius, though powerfully depicted, is painful to the spectator, and perhaps it would have been as well to have left his fate undecided. In speaking of this tragedy, we would not be understood as bestowing any portion of the praise, which is justly due to the work itself, upon its performance. Mr. Parsons does not seem at all to have understood the character he undertook to personate; nor to be aware of the fact that ranting and grimace are not passion, nor will pass in its place before an enlightened audience. His enunciation of several passages was so indistinct that they were entirely lost to the most attentive listeners. Whatever may be the talents of Mr. Parsons as a tragic actor, we feel it our duty to say that he has entirely failed to display those talents here, or to do justice to Mr. Payne's conception of the character of Virginius.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE return our acknowledgments to the author of “An interview with the Ettrick Shepherd,” it unfortunately was not received in time for insertion in the present number, but shall undoubtedly appear in that for April.